

September 1916

7<sup>d</sup>net

# The OLIVER



FOR GOD AND FRANCE  
by Victor Murdock

TO BE SURE

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OXFORD.



TAKE

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

For 1419 d. 95

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## THE QUIVER



### The Perfect Edge and the Perfect Shave.

No other razor contains a blade with so perfect an edge as that of the "Valet" AutoStrop blade.

But however perfect the edge, it is impossible to keep that edge without the automatic self-stropping device which is the exclusive feature of the

**THE STANDARD SET.** consisting of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" Razor, twelve specially tested finest lancet steel "Valet" blades and a first quality "Valet" horsehide strop, the whole contained in a handsome leather-covered or nickel-plated case, lined velvet and satin. Price **21/-**

**THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,** 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

### "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

Not one man in a thousand can strop an ordinary razor, but the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor strops itself. It shaves without "letting you know it" because it keeps its edge from month to month. No taking apart for stropping or cleaning, and no continual expense for new blades.



The word  
**"VALET"**  
on Razors, Stropps and  
Blades indicates the  
genuine product of the  
**AutoStrop Safety  
Razor Co., Ltd.,**  
61, New Oxford St.,  
London.

## THE QUIVER

### Sleep between "Marple" Sheets & Sheetings

They are a delight to the housewife, combining warmth, durability and strength.

Highest grade cotton **only** is used, and the special care taken in spinning and weaving ensures double durability.

The sheets may be plain hemmed, or hemstitched in genuine hand-drawn threadwork—three designs to choose from. The sheetings are obtainable in plain and twill weaves, in both fine and heavy cloths, including double warps.

Apply to your Draper, or to the Proprietors,  
**THE HOLLINS MILL CO., Ltd., Spinners and  
Manufacturers, Dept. Q., 5 Portland Street,  
Manchester,** who are also the  
Proprietors of Sunesta,  
Wash-Resista and Sealfece.



### Wear "Jason" and get perfect comfort

Seeing the word "Jason" on a garment ensures all-wool, under a guarantee of replacement if the garment should shrink.  
And the brand "Jason" enables you to know the Underwear is British made, from pure Australasian wool, by the highest-skilled British workpeople.

**"Jason"**  
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE  
Underwear

in all styles, all sizes, for Ladies, Men and Children. Infants' pure White Wear, medium weight, in dainty designs

"Jason" Jerseys are thoroughly protective and comfortable for the Children, and wear splendidly.

The nearest Draper can supply you every "Jason" want.

#### "New Olympic Brand"

Owing to the high prices of the yarns from which "Jason" All-wool goods are made, the manufacturers have introduced temporarily lower lines containing a percentage of cotton, bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines. Your dealer will supply you.

Jason Underwear Co., Leicester.





# What more could he say?

A British Officer writes :

"I have been using one of your Self-Filling Models out here for eighteen months now, and it has never failed me once. *I've tried them all, and I'm solid for 'Waterman's Ideal.'*"

"B.E.F., May 28th, 1916.

"S. G. M.—Lieut. A.S.C.)."

## Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

Of all the gifts that are sent out to those on Active Service there is none more useful or more acceptable than a Waterman's Ideal, and many are the tributes that have been paid to its wonderful efficiency. For the home letters alone it is easily worth twenty times its cost.

### THE LEVER POCKET SELF-FILLING PEN

(see illustration) is the pen mentioned in the Officer's letter above. It is the latest type Waterman's Ideal. Simply raise the lever, immerse the nib in ink, lower the lever—that's all, it's filled.

For the Safety Type and the New Lever Pocket Self-filling Type, 15/- and upwards. (The Safety Type can be carried upside down or in any position.) For the Regular Type, 10/- and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

In Silver and Gold for presentation. Fulllest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view, for inspection and trial. Booklet free from

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner,  
Kingsway, London.



# HOW TEN MILLION PEOPLE REGAIN BEAUTIFUL HAIR!

By a **METHOD YOU MAY TEST FREE.**

## Unprecedented Success of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

**A**RE you one of the ten million people who have commenced, without any cost to themselves, to regain lost Hair Beauty?

Or are you allowing your hair, by its straggly, dull, lifeless appearance, to add years to your appearance and itself become thinner and thinner until you are threatened with baldness?

If you do not know what the wonderful natural scientific method of growing hair—"Harlene Hair-Drill"—will do for you, you are invited to accept the splendid Four-Fold Gift referred to below. Then you, as ten million others, can regain all the lost health and beauty of your hair.

Look in your glass and ask yourself—

1. Is your hair thinning at the temples?
2. Is your hair untidy or wiry?
3. Is your scalp over dry or over greasy?
4. Are there signs of scurf or dandruff?
5. Do you notice any loss of colour or lustre?
6. Are there signs of "patchy" baldness?
7. Do you see falling or splitting hairs?
8. Are you totally or partially bald?

Photo:  
Rita  
Martin.



Miss Gina Palermo, the charming and talented actress, advises all who wish to cultivate hair beauty, which she herself possesses in abundance, to follow her example and practise "Harlene Hair-Drill." You may commence this delightful toilet task FREE. Post the coupon below.

—which gives the hair just the "condition" that best helps its growth by the Hair-Drill method.

3. A supply of "Uzon" Brilliantine specially suitable for those with Dry Scalp.

4. A Free Book, scientifically yet simply written, explaining exactly how to carry out the "Harlene Hair-Drill" that has made Edwards' "Harlene" so famous the world over.

This hair health and beauty Gift used regularly as directed will immediately commence hair rejuvenation, and persisted in with the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method must bring you back an abundance of splendid hair that at all times will give pride and pleasure.

Once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene" system, you may at any time obtain further supplies from any chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, at 1s. per box of 7 packets—single packets, 2d.; or direct, post free, on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene," Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Postage on foreign orders extra.

### POST THIS COUPON

POST THIS SPECIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT FORM TO-DAY.

To Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, & 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Quiver, Sept., 1916.....

1. A liberal Trial Bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful Hair Tonic Stimulant and Dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair by the use of a little each morning with which to "drill" the hair for a few pleasant minutes.

2. A Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair cleanser in the world

GIVE

Double  
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"Quite a first dress photo. and depicted suffered a had tried put me a commenced I had an much st am stron the full for years constant! Bitro-Ph

Thus writes had consulted ment in vain Then there Dragon who, beyond the s weck of his

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Boots Cash C Lewi

PRICE 2/6

# GIVES NEW STRENGTH TO THE WEAK

**Doubles Endurance: Makes Nerves Steady and Strong. Repairs Tissue Waste, and Restores Vim, Vigour and Vitality.**

## Wonderful Bitro-Phosphate

"Quite a small paragraph in a newspaper first drew my attention to Bitro-Phosphate. I was weak, run-down, nervous, and depressed. I could not sleep, and I suffered agony with neuralgia. Medicines I had tried in vain, but Bitro-Phosphate soon put me right. In less than a week after commencing its use I was sleeping better. I had an appetite for my meals, and I felt much stronger and brighter. To-day I am strong and well—able to enjoy life to the full after being practically an invalid for years. Are you surprised that I am constantly telling my friends of what Bitro-Phosphate has done for me?"

Thus writes a lady on the wrong side of 50 who had consulted doctors and undergone hospital treatment in vain.

Then there is the evidence of a soldier—a dashing Dragoon who, after many weary months of fighting beyond the sea, returned home a nerve-shattered wreck of his former self. Read what he says:—

"I am now taking Bitro-Phosphate and can honestly say that I feel like a new man. My nerves are getting stronger, I sleep better, and eat just as I used to do."

The munition worker, run-down and weakened by long hours of trying work, also finds Bitro-Phosphate an ideal restorative. The written testimony of a skilled worker amongst high explosives amply proves this:—

"I suffered from lack of sleep and was weak and run-down, but Bitro-Phosphate put new life into me. I now sleep much better, and have gained several pounds of good solid flesh."

Much evidence of a like nature might be given did space permit, but the above is sufficient to prove that as a restorative of strength, a creator of new energy, and a builder of healthy nervous tissue, Bitro-Phosphate is far more effective than any other method of treatment hitherto employed in the practice of medicine.

Bitro-Phosphate has been sought by students of medicine for many years. They were dissatis-

fied with the temporary results which drugs produced, and were convinced that if it were possible to obtain and concentrate a readily assimilable form of phosphate, the treatment of

<b>Neurasthenia</b>	<b>Nerve Weakness</b>
<b>Falling Strength</b>	<b>Loss of Weight</b>
<b>Sleeplessness</b>	<b>Depression</b>
<b>Neuralgia</b>	<b>Debility</b>

and innumerable kindred ailments would at once be simplified, for phosphate is the element which feeds and maintains the nerves, and is therefore the source of all strength.

To-day, the theories of the past are accomplished facts, and Bitro-Phosphate—phosphate in a concentrated and readily assimilable form—is being supplied by chemists everywhere.

Many people who were weak, nervous, and run-down have already proved the remarkable value of Bitro-Phosphate, but there may still be some who are doubtful as to the nature of a product which effects such seeming miracles. All such doubt can at once be put aside, for Bitro-Phosphate is not a secret nostrum or a harmful drug. It is a pure nerve food, put up in the form of convenient compressed tablets. It nourishes the nerves, and as they become strong so the health of the body improves as a natural consequence.

A more opportune moment for the introduction of Bitro-Phosphate could not possibly have been chosen, for just now all need greater strength, more energy, steadier nerves, and Bitro-Phosphate is the one preparation capable of accomplishing these results with safety and certainty.

Get a supply of the Bitro-Phosphate tablets from your chemist to-day—a 2s. 6d. flask contains sufficient for a fortnight's treatment. Take one tablet immediately after every meal, and you will soon have evidence that they are doing you good. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed. Your nerves will cease troubling you, and you will feel stronger and better in every way. These results are assured, for every package contains a guarantee which enables you to reclaim the amount paid should you be dissatisfied with the benefit you derive from the use of Bitro-Phosphate.

# Bitro-Phosphate

**The Wonderful Restorative of Nervous Force & Energy**

Can now be obtained in 5-gr. tablets, as recommended, from:—

Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Henry Hodder & Co., Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, and other high-class chemists everywhere.

**PRICE 2/6 PER PACKAGE, CONTAINING TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT.**

# STANWORTHS' "Defiance" UMBRELLAS

## THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,  
Northern Umbrella Works,  
BLACKBURN.



## THE "DARLING" MILK WARMER

It is a simple portable Milk Warmer. The milk is heated in a few moments at a cost of less than a farthing by the small safety spirit lamp, which consumes ordinary spirit.

The spirit stove is detachable from the saucepan, and can be used for other purposes.

The "Darling" being constructed entirely of copper and brass, is practically everlasting.

Complete as illustrated, each, 3/- (Post Free).

Write for List of ELBARD GOODS.

ELBARD PATENTS CO.,  
40 York Rd., LONDON, N.



## DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER



1/9 Sold Everywhere. 1/9

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. Ferrea & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

## SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin jetless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Roses

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Ferrea & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is so in bottles at 1/3 and 5/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.

## KILL THAT RAT

with "EXTIRMO" (regd.)

The Triumph of Science and Infallible Destroyer of RATS, MICE, BEETLES, &c.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 5/- per tin, of most Chemists and Stores, or direct (post free) from

EXTIRMO LTD. (Dept. 16), School Street, Hull.

## HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. These Powders may be used with the utmost confidence, as they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. 6d. & 1/- post free for 7d. & 1/1, from F. H. PROSSER & CO. Ltd., Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM; Harrolds and other Stores, Books, Rexall, and most Chemists and Corn Dealers.



**Delecta** CHOCOLATES

Brazil Nuts

Ask for "DELECTA" —the name describes them.

**Boisseliers**  
BOY-SELECTION  
Watford

# Your Snapshots will be Better

If developed and printed by a Professional photographer. Photography is my business —it is not a side line—and Amateur work my speciality. Films developed, printed and returned next day post free. Failures (double exposures, &c.) not charged.

DEVELOPING PRICES per rolls of 1/2 dozen, Brownies and No. 1 F.P.K. 6d., No. 1a and 3 F.P.K. 9d., No. 8a F.P.K. and 5x4 1/2. Printing Prices on application.

F. JENKINS, PHOTOGRAPHER, 92 HIGH STREET, SOUTHWOLD.

# STOP STOMACH DRUGGING.

NEUTRALISE THE DANGEROUS ACID WITH  
**BISURATED MAGNESIA.**



Tablet Form,  
1/4 and 2/1  
per bottle.

Stomach drugging is dangerous. Drugs deaden the nerves and render them insensible to pain, but pain serves a good purpose—it is nature's method of indicating that something is interfering with the smooth working of the human organism. When the fault is corrected, the pain will cease. Pain after eating—heartburn, flatulence, etc. etc.—usually indicates not that the stomach is diseased, but that it is troubled by excessive acidity. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, and so causes pain. Obviously it is of prime importance that the cause of this pain should be removed, and to accomplish this you should obtain some pure *bisurated* magnesia from your chemist and take half a teaspoonful in a little

water immediately after meals. This will instantly neutralise the harmful acid in your stomach and prevent all possibility of food fermentation. Drugs do not overcome this acid—they simply deaden the symptoms and give a false sense of security. That is why those who rely on drugs gradually become worse and worse, until the stomach itself becomes actually diseased.

As a guarantee of satisfactory results the name "bisurated" has been registered, and for your own protection you should insist on seeing this name on the label. Genuine Bisurated Magnesia is obtainable of all Chemists, at 1/9 and 2/9 for the powder form, and at 1/1 and 2/1 for the tablets.



Powder Form,  
1/9 and 2/9  
a bottle.



Why go on  
your hands  
and knees  
to polish  
your floors?  
**RONUK**  
HOME POLISHER.

Make your Cleaning EASY and RAPID by using this splendid new time and labour saver with Ronuk Sanitary Polish. Extremely simple in construction yet so ingenious and responsive that its number of household uses is almost endless. Of grocers, ironmongers and stores, price 5/6 complete. Interesting booklet, "THERE'S THE RUB," free from

Ronuk, Ltd., Dept. No. 22, Portlande, Brighton.

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Used in Royal Households.

**JOHN BOND'S  
"CRYSTAL PALACE"  
MARKING INK**

For use with or without heating  
(whichever kind is preferred).  
Permanently protects linen because  
it won't wash off.

Of all Stationers, Chemists and Stores,  
6d. & 1/-.



**CLARK'S**  
DRESS STANDS

MAKE HOME DRESSMAKING EASY.

Why not make your own Autumn Costume and save money? The model as illustrated is made to your exact size, padded and covered for pinning, and sent packed in box for 25s. Full illustrated catalogue with photographic designs and measurement chart sent free on application.

CLARK'S DRESS STAND COMPANY,  
Tottenham Street,  
Tottenham Court Road,  
LONDON, W.



## THE QUIVER

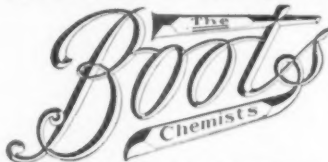
The Sign



of Safety

The Trade Mark of **BOOTS The Chemists** may well be likened to a 'Sign of Safety,' for it enables you to identify an article of absolute purity, just as the 'Hall Mark' tells you that an article is solid silver—it is a guarantee and a bond of goodwill which you, as a member of the public, hold—it is the security upon which you extend your patronage. **Boots The Chemists Trade Mark** on a medical or toilet preparation safeguards you against impurity and ensures efficiency. It points the way to economy and satisfaction. It is a visible sign of the faith **Boots The Chemists** have in their own goods. Purity and economy go hand in hand wherever you see the Trade Mark of **Boots The Chemists**.

You are safe in dealing with



Chief London Branch: 182 REGENT STREET, W.

Over 100 Branches in London Area.

555 BRANCHES IN  
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

### 100,000 Rugs Given Away GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

**THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER** is made to the readers of **THE QUIVER** (1/9/1916) only. On receipt of Postal Order for **8/6** we will forward, DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our **Half-Guinea Genuine Seamless Woven Reversible Carpets**, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 35 different patterns, and **large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room**. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for our goods. **Below the Actual Cost of Production**. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchasers all Middle Profits. With every Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for **10/6**. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials received. **Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free**, if mentioning **THE QUIVER** (1/9/1916) while writing. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

**F. HODGSON & SONS** (Genl. Mfrs.) Manufacturers, Importers & Merchants,  
WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.



### HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The standard remedy for over 40 years.  
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



#### MAKE YOUR OWN LEMONADE

A long, cool drink made instantly with  
**GLASS LEMON!**  
and plain or aerated water.

NO ADDED SUGAR  
NECESSARY.

*Freemans*  
TABLE-DELICIOUS  
Watford

#### COUPON.

### The League of Young British Citizens.

#### MOTTO:

"For God and the Empire: By Love serving one another."

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I will do all I possibly can to be true to its ideals and to carry out its object.

Name..... Age and date of birth.....

Address.....

Signature of Parent or Guardian  
(To be filled in if member is under 14 years.)

Date of joining.....





# Player's NAVY CUT

*"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"*

## TOBACCO

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	per ounce.
Player's Medium Navy Cut	7 <sup>d</sup> .
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut	6 <sup>d</sup>
Player's 'White Label' Navy Cut	
Player's Navy Cut De Luxe	per 2-oz. tin 1/6

## CIGARETTES

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—	
Tin of 100 . . . . .	3/8
Tin of 50 . . . . .	1/10
Medium Navy Cut—	
Card Box of 100 . . . . .	3/-
Card Box of 50 . . . . .	1/7

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home, and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to:—

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM**

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P. 649



## Passed for Active Service "Class A"

**I**F pens were examined like men for military service, the "Swan" would qualify for Class A. And it would be the best in Class A.

The "Swan" is easily the fittest and most efficient pen for Active Service. Simple and quick to use. Never fails to write smoothly the instant nib touches paper. Has no internal mechanism. Unaffected by climatic conditions. Lasts for years. Takes Ink Tablets when fluid ink is unobtainable.

Send one to-day to your Soldier or Sailor Friend.

The best Active Service Writing Kit consists of

A "SWAN" FOUNTPEN Safety Pattern, from ... 12 6

A TUBE OF 40 "SWAN" INK TABLETS

One to a penful of water. No filler needed ... 6

A "SWAN" METAL POCKET HOLDER Prevents loss or breakage ... 1 0

Complete, Post Free ... 14 0



# "SWAN" PENS

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

From 10/6 up.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

**MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,**  
79-80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

35 Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204 Regent Street, W., London; 3 Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, etc.

London Factory—39-40 Weston Street, S.E. Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

# D & F

## SUMMER DAINTIES.

There is a charm of variety in these cooked table dainties, which form a welcome departure from the ordinary routine of dinner dishes and complete the satisfaction of the meal. De Fourier preparations are made of the finest selected meats—the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness and purity being exercised in their making. All carry the inimitable De Fourier flavour and make attractive, appetising, and satisfying meals.

## DE FOURIER PASTES

make most savoury and appetising sandwiches for breakfast, lunch, tea, or supper. Munition workers will find them particularly attractive and sustaining. Chicken and ham, wild duck, salmon and shrimp, chicken and tomato, are amongst the most popular.



IDEAL FOR CAMPS, PICNICS, MADE-UP LUNCHES, Etc.  
TRY ONE THIS WEEK-END.




Note.—All De Fourier Meats can be had in Glass or Tin as preferred.

All good Grocers will show you the De Fourier range.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write—

**THE CUNNINGHAM & DE FOURIER CO., Ltd.,**  
Glencairn Works, West India Dock Road, London.



**Allinson**  
UNADULTERATED  
**Wholemeal Bread**

"Stamina" depends upon two things: proper nourishment and natural health, both of which are assured by Allinson Bread—the bread of victory.

*On sale everywhere. See the band on every loaf.*

## HARRY PILGER TELLS HOW HE CURED HIS SERIOUS FOOT TROUBLES AND RHEUMATISM

Well-known Dancer finds Remarkable Substitute for Expensive Spa Treatments. In a week, was able to practise his Dances; in three weeks he was Cured.

Explains how anyone can cure Rheumatism and Bad Foot Troubles, such as Aching, Tenderness, Corns, Callouses, etc.

Last autumn, while on a walking tour, I was thoroughly wet through, consequently I soon had very sharp pains in my feet and legs, which my doctor told me were rheumatic, and he ordered immediately a course of treatment at a continental spa. As I had professional engagements to fulfil this was impossible, and I decided to try what a self-treatment would do for me. I had heard of some really wonderful cures effected by two well-known natural medicinal compounds called Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates, but, you know, one is always inclined to be sceptical about "wonderful cures." Still, I decided to give the combination a trial.

I soon found that drinking occasionally a tumbler of water containing a spoonful of the Alkia Saltrates cleared all the uric acid out of my system and made me feel better in every way. In fact, I know now it gave me, for a penny or two, a drink of curative water containing practically the same "saltrates," or natural medicinal qualities, that I would have received at an expensive spa. As for the Reudel Bath Saltrates, this compound forms wonderfully curative, medicated and oxygenated bathing water. When I commenced adding a few spoonfuls to my bath, it was painful even to walk, my muscles and joints were so stiff. After a week of perseverance with the curative baths and taking the Alkia Saltrates regularly, I was not only able to walk without discomfort, but commenced practising my dances—a thing I had despaired of doing for months to come. As a foot bath to cure any sort of bad and painful foot trouble, aching, tenderness, corns, callouses, etc., the Reudel saltrated water never fails. These two simple and inexpensive saltrates compounds, which any chemist can supply at slight cost, certainly gave me the benefits of all the curative powers of Vichy, Marienbad, Aix-les-Bains, or other famous drinking and bathing waters, without the trouble or expense of journeying to any of them, and in three weeks I was completely cured.



HARRY PILGER.

*Harry Pilger.*



The Fleet that Fled,  
And claimed the fight,  
Came out, 'tis said,  
To seek Fluxite.

## FLUXITE

is used not only by the British Government for manufacturing munitions of war, but also by our Allies, who recognise it as the paste flux that

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

BOTH Amateurs' and Mechanics WILL have Fluxite. With it you can repair your pots and pans, and other metal articles.

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2/6

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET contains a special "small space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Sokler, etc.  
Sample Set post paid United Kingdom, 5/6  
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# THE QUIVER

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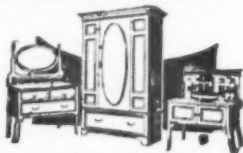
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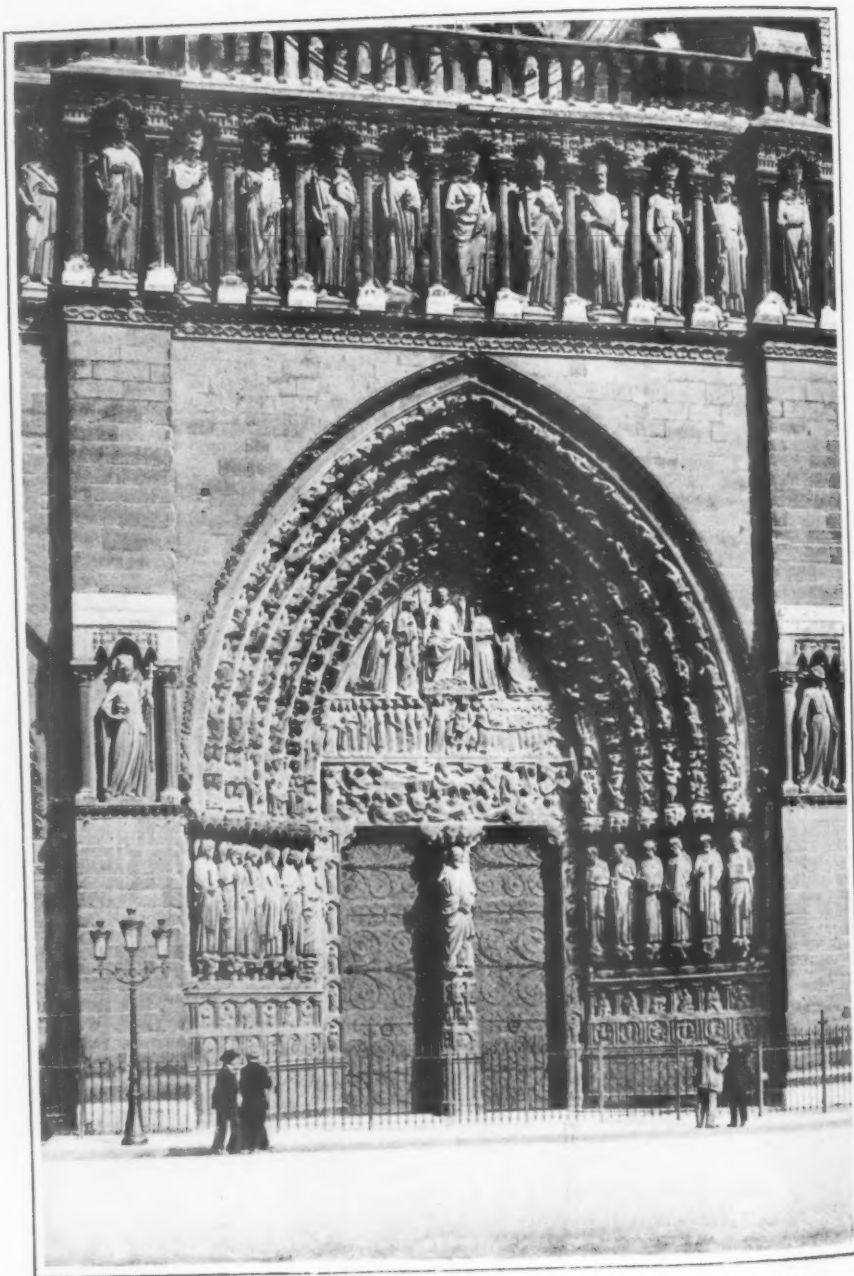
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The West Front,  
Notre Dame, Paris.

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# THE QUIVER



VOL. LI., No. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1916

## FOR GOD AND FRANCE

The Religious Revival Across the Channel

By VICTOR MURDOCK

The war has brought a religious revival to France—real, earnest, all-consuming. Mr. Murdock in this article sympathetically analyses its causes and manifestation.

**T**HE religious revival in France: is it a thing the alien, who is not part of it, can see or touch or feel? Possibly there is no better way to find an answer than by questioning it and standing in the current of the movement. In that position one can judge, at least, if it is an emotional freshet let loose by war or a mighty spiritual flood sweeping through the soul of France.

### Is It Real?

I began my investigation in a Paris depot of supplies, in the midst of piles of woollen stockings and blouses, the forbidding bulkiness of which uncomfortably spelled charity. I put my question on the religious revival to a charity worker: a woman, a Protestant.

"I am told that the war has brought a religious revival in France," I said. "Is it one of the temporary fantasies of the war delirium or is it a lasting thing and real?"

The fire of indignation kindled in her eyes.

"It is real," she cried; "the most real, tangible, ponderable thing in the war!"

"Others have told me that," I said.

"Where shall I find proof?"

"Proof!" she cried, in an emotional explosion which seemed to include a wrathful accusation against myself. "Proof?"

If you have a rose and its perfume, and you tear the rose apart to find the perfume, you will have neither the rose nor the perfume."

I had heard the story from a chaplain of how he carried a bottle of cologne and sprinkled it on the moustaches of the desperately wounded to save their last moments from the awful smell of blood. But I did not tell her that.

"I will tear the rose apart," I said instead, "to find the perfume. Where is it?"

"Everywhere," she replied. "In the people's faces, in their eyes, in their voices. You will find it in high, in low, in everybody. Only this morning I stopped at the little kiosk at the corner, and the woman there halted in the sale of the newspapers and cried: 'Listen, madame.' There was silence between us and all about. The air was vibrant with omen. It was the brush of angel wings, sir: a portent. 'It is the good God,' the woman said to me, and we understood."

### What Proof is there?

"Mysticism," I said. "Where shall I, an alien, find proof?"

"Go to the churches, then," she answered.

"Go to Notre Dame for vespers. Go to the Madeleine. Go to Holy Trinity. Leave Paris and traverse France. Watch the

## THE QUIVER

crowds of worshippers everywhere, crowds the livelong day, not alone for Mass and vespers, but all day long."

"Women?" I said.

"No," she cried. "Men, soldiers, thousands upon thousands of them. Upon their knees. It is the new France!"



Notre Dame  
from the River.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.

The suggestion of a view of the churches as a point of entry to a survey of the situation appealed to me, and I followed it first by attending vespers at Notre Dame.

It was a cold grey Sunday. A fitful, slanting shower had left the black front of the ancient cathedral glistening. The stony angels and the scaly demons that face one another over the recessed portals gleamed brightly, and a "liberty, equality, fraternity" legend, done in black paint by the Commune nearly half a century ago, dim enough when dry, now freshened by the rain, stood out boldly among them.

Standing beneath them, I watched the long procession of worshippers as they filed through the door of the church. I wanted to see the congregation out of doors where I could study it.

Divided into three general groups, there were soldiers, widows, and civilians. There were no tourists. Apparently I was the only spectator.

### The Sufferers

Among the soldiers the cripples struck me first. They came mostly in groups. The soldiers who have lost arms band together. Those who have lost legs do the same.

This classification starts in the hospitals and is continued afterward, for those who are similarly disabled must meet a common problem. There are many cripples, but they do not dominate the picture. For most of the soldiers are whole, and these differ from the cripples in their carelessness of dress, because here, as the world over, the cripple grooms himself with nicety. One gathers the impression that the French soldier on furlough has subordinated thought of his uniform to some deeper interest. His clothes

are comfortable, but more often than not they show the wrinkled disorder of service. At all events, there was nothing of pride in their dull steel casques, their uniforms of blue coats and red breeches, in eye, gait, or bearing, as they filed past me into the cathedral.

But the faces of all of them bore the same look, the look which to my mind unlocks the whole situation in France: a look of abstraction, of placid detachment; the look of men who had forsworn the workaday world, its smiles and fears, its joys and sorrows. Among them all there was but one figure profoundly tragic: a blind boy directed with difficulty by a young and widowed mother through the narrow inner door.

The second group was composed of women, all in the black democracy of crape or in dark raiment equivalent thereto. The great majority of these were young and slender, and even in deep mourning suggesting a scrupulous attention to the mode.

Taken made, a because their fa of sorrow the sol nuns.

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### French at Hean

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## FOR GOD AND FRANCE

Taken together as they passed now, they made a striking picture, but not so much because of their weeds as from the look in their faces. For here, too, was an absence of sorrow, here the abstraction I had seen in the soldiers: the set faces of a nation of nuns.

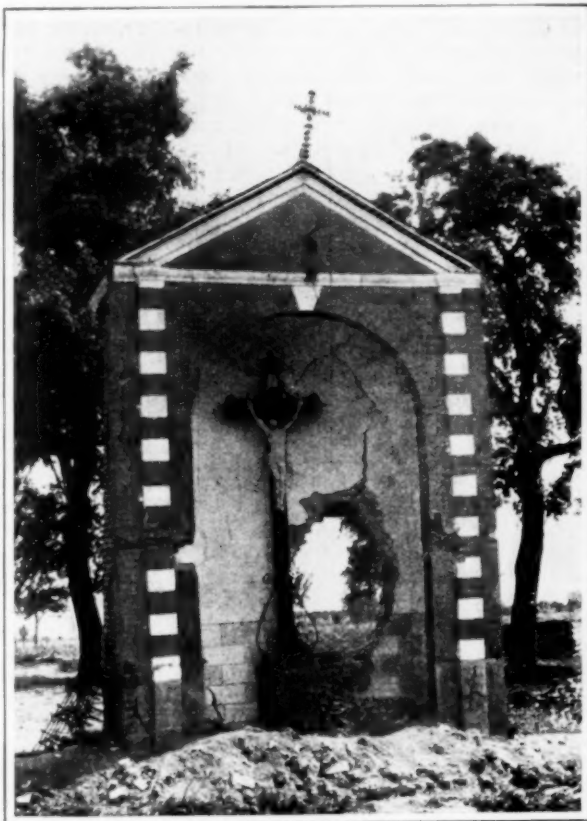
In the third group were the civilians: husbands and wives, elderly men and women and their children. These were rich and poor—the man in frock coat with gloves and cane, the working man in billowy blouse and bulging trousers—both come up out of the city and its atmosphere of high prices and diminishing trade. And these, the excitable, imaginative, gesticulating Parisians of another day, these, too, bore the placid look of the soldiers and widows: which might have been stolidity or resignation, but which was certainly neither.

### French Religious at Heart

As the great crowd poured into the long cathedral the worshippers filled up its vast caverns and overflowed in huddled kneeling groups outside the iron railings near the altar, where the tiptoeing tourist, book in hand, was wont to peer. The ritual was in progress. The voice of the celebrant, in youthless treble, quivered upward and lost itself in the ancient roof. The wooden pipes of the organ rumbled a response. Through the rose windows daylight waned, the clouds thickened, the rain began to fall, and two thousand kneeling figures sank into the shadows as the long ceremony proceeded; presently the brass pipes, over the great Judgment door, back of the congregation, burst forth in the thunders of "Gloria Patri," not jubilant now, almost defiant, but not that: resolute rather—resolute for God and France.

Here was an indescribable atmosphere. The ritual was not unfamiliar to me, but it was strange to me now in that this undeniable atmosphere had made me forget the ritual. I have confirmed the presence of this atmosphere by many other visits to services in France, Protestant and Catholic alike.

France has been called atheistic in recent years. She is, in fact, Catholic. There are 700,000 French Protestants. There is not one probably who would deny this atmosphere. Nor does the politician, always cautious, rarely allowing himself to be quoted. For he too believes in the atmosphere and thinks France is in spiritual parturition. His view has an added interest when the political troubles of the Catholic



Shelled! The Shrine is badly hit, but the Crucifix escapes.

Photo:  
Underwood & Underwood.

## THE QUIVER

Church in France are considered. No attempt to describe these difficulties could satisfy either side to the controversy. On the historical side they centre around the Concordat and its organic articles, an arrangement of Napoleon Bonaparte with Pope Pius VII. By it the State took over a portion of the control of the Church in France. Previous to this development atheism had appeared in France, in Voltaire and his kind. The mob gave the philosopher's preachment grotesque expression during the excesses of the Terror, setting up in Notre Dame a Goddess of Reason represented by a ballet-dancer. In the restoration of the Church in France at the time of the Concordat the Catholic clergy became public functionaries and were paid as other officials. As part of the Government, the Church and its interests were championed by the parliamentary Right, the extreme wing of which are the Monarchists, and its opposition was found in the Left, the extreme wing of which are the revolutionary Socialists. The anti-clericals, not all irreligious men by any means, constituting the Left, began many years ago a long series of legislative restrictions upon the Catholic Church. The high clergy were excluded from the Superior Council of Public Instruction. Jesuits were expelled. The mortmain property of monastic orders, which paid no inheritance tax, was made liable to excise. The Roman Catholic catechism was barred from the public schools. Catholic theological students were deprived of exemption from military service. Crucifixes over the entrances of cemeteries, in schools, and in courthouses were ordered to be removed. Many Catholic orders were excluded.

### Church and State Divorced

In time State differences with the Pope, in the matter of authority over bishops, followed, and in 1905 the Concordat was abrogated, the bill separating the Church from the State becoming law. The divorce is absolute. Pope Pius X., at the time of the passage of the law, condemned it as "insulting to God." The feelings engendered by this conflict have probably lessened in ten years, but in some they still rankle deep. Knowledge of the conflict is prerequisite to an understanding of the present spiritual state of the republic. In the view of many of those who

see in France a profound religious revival, the war, its unexpectedness, the ferocity of the German attack, struck deep into the primitive emotions of the Frenchman and awoke at one stroke his patriotism and his piety, his partisanship sinking beneath the stronger passion of the one, his casual disbelief fading away before the radiance of the other.

With slight differences of view-point, the process of this transformation is seen by all alike. How was it manifested? I will let two of the leading ecclesiastics of France, one a Catholic, the other a Protestant Episcopalian, answer.

In his busy office at the top of an ancient stone stairway in the Catholic University in Paris, I found Mgr. A. Baudrillart, Vicar-General of Paris, renowned throughout France for his scholarship.

### A Roman Catholic's Opinion

"This religious revival in France," I asked, "is it actual, and, if so, how did it come about?"

"It is actual," he replied; "and it came about in this way: First, before the war there had been a revival among the most cultured of the young people. Among popular classes, including working men and farmers, Catholic work had produced considerable results. Catholic associations had formed among all classes an élite of the Catholic Church, and also the society The Catholic Youth, which includes young people of the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the children of the people. For instance, before the war, I have myself heard, in towns in Brittany, young people speaking Breton enthuse immense audiences composed of farmers. I have seen old men wearing the Breton costume weeping with emotion, and I have heard them cry: 'Oh, if they had only talked to us like that in other days.' Now, re-enforcing this work, was the circumstance that the clergy, above all the young vicars, had become, since the separation of the Church and the State, much more active. They mixed more with the population. The Concordat held them in check; that is to say, their zeal as functionaries was checked by the fear of making trouble for their superiors with the Government. All the elements of a religious revival existed, then, before the war. Then came the war. An event so momentous



The Market Place, Rouen, and  
the Towers of the Cathedral.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.

## THE QUIVER

stirred a widespread emotion in all the people. They were stricken to the depths of their souls by the declaration."

"Why and how has that emotion taken religious colour?"

"First," Mgr. Baudrillart replied, "all French, or nearly all, have at heart certain spiritual principles and religious fundamentals. True, many do not permit themselves to show this in ordinary times, for many reasons: among them an ironical turn in French character which urges Frenchmen to conceal intimate sentiments. Second, the French have incontestably a profound respect for human relations, for the family. Third, there is the disappearance from among many Frenchmen of a great fear of governmental disfavour because of religious activity. For instance, there is, among farmers, a feeling that the Government is against religion as it appertains to the individual's activities. Thus I know that in certain sections notably Catholic, Auvergne among them, one year after the separation, half of the men of certain villages no longer went to Mass on Sunday. Formerly all went. I asked why. They replied: 'It appears the Government doesn't want us to do so.' You ask me why they should fear the Government. I reply, because the Government holds private interests in its hands; distributes places, places of the utmost insignificance which appeal to the citizen nevertheless. The Government also distributed exemptions from military service to its partisans and withheld them from its adversaries. One of the possible disfavours is a governmental refusal to permit participation in certain crop monopolies, as, for instance, tobacco. The man who is accounted antagonistic to his Government may be excluded. So certain men have feared. And this fear is emphasised by another thing. A very profound tradition of the ancient monarchy remains, politically and religiously, in the French people: they believed passionately that scarcely could the King do wrong. Among the peasants the belief persists that the Government cannot be wrong. The peasants are always disposed to believe in the Government so long as the Government does not offend by disturbing fixed habits. And the Government has always had care not to touch churches and curés in the provinces." (The monsignor turned a paper-weight in

his hand and smiled.) "Even the most radical deputies give money to the support of the village church, and the people of the country think the opposition to these deputies lies when it says that religion is persecuted."

"And the underlying reason for the religious revival?"

"At bottom in the Frenchman remained religious sentiment. War, duty, fear of death, awakened it; and many, many men have come back to the veritable practice of religious prayer."

"And the proof?"

"It may be found on every hand. The Catholic Committee of Foreign Propaganda undertook a thorough religious investigation in each French diocese during the war. Bishops were asked to report on the effects of the war upon the parishes and on the attitude of soldiers and of priests. Already fifty-one dioceses have replied. The precise data as to what has happened are here, and prove incontestably that there has been in France a very deep and widespread religious revival."

### "We with God"

There is no more popular divine in France than Dr. S. N. Watson, of Holy Trinity, the American Protestant Episcopal church. Few men in Paris are better known for good deeds.

"Undoubtedly there is among Frenchmen a religious revival of a very remarkable nature," I said to him. "What caused it: fear of death?"

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed. "Not fear of death at all; deeper than that, higher than that—duty."

"Meaning by that—what?"

"That the Frenchman is moved by a pious patriotism. He is pious because he is patriotic. His civic and spiritual attitudes are akin. And the attitude, in this crisis, is that of giving. He gives to the nation his life and to his God his soul. In France it is not 'God with us'; it is 'We with God.'"

"And you signify by that just what?"

"Let us go to the Frenchman himself for the answer. Innately the French are deeply religious, and when a Frenchman prays to his God he speaks to Him in person. To his intimate God he gives devotion; he does not ask to be given. And as he gives

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to France he gives to God, the postulate being that France is with God."

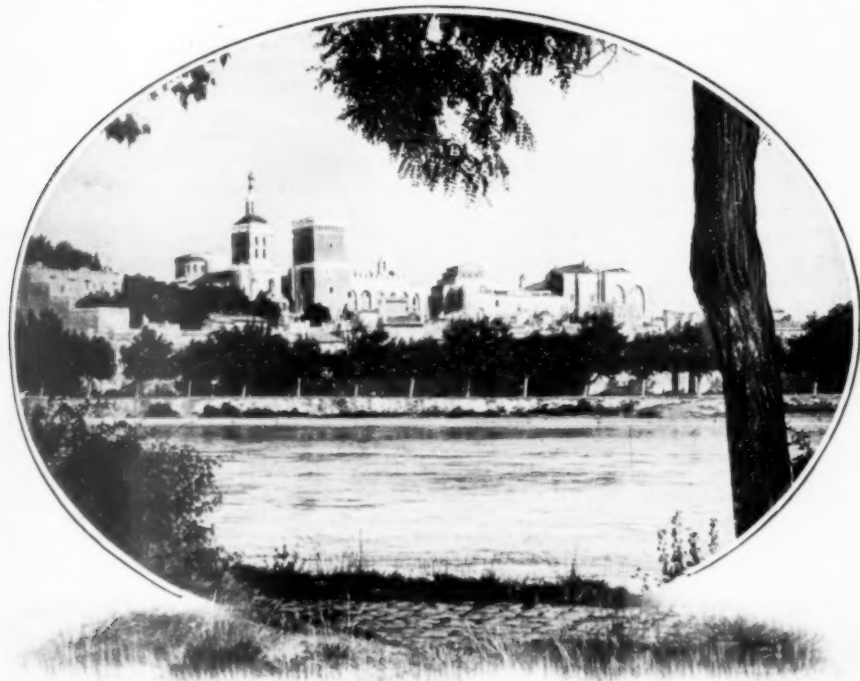
I recalled the atmosphere I had identified in Notre Dame and the other churches; and I asked this: "And the symbols which stand between the worshipper and his intimate Deity?"

"They are no longer symbols. The Frenchman clothes the symbol, and it becomes a vision. It is no longer the image; it is the being; it is no longer

open all day long; soldiers come here singly and in groups, kneel down and give themselves and France to the good God. They are Catholics worshipping in a Protestant church. They do not inquire as to that: they do not care. It is God's house. That is enough."

"And the revival is certain and deep-seated throughout France?"

"It is certain and deep-seated. And it is marvellous beyond all telling. It



The Rhone River, and the Palace of the Popes at Avignon.

Photo:  
D. McLaughlin.

inanimate, but incarnate. Come with me and I will show you the private soldier in his blue coat and his red breeches, on his knees at a shrine, before Jeanne d'Arc, speaking with the greatest intimacy to Jeanne herself—not to the image, but to the saint."

"You are speaking of normal men, fighting men, soldiers?"

"Yes, of soldiers. Here is another thing. This is a Protestant church. We keep it

defies measurement and definition. It is not here in Paris alone. It is in the trenches, in the camps, at the roadside shrines, in the country churches. In Gironde I found the entire population marching in religious procession, with banners flying, around the walls of the ancient place, the halt, the lame, the blind, the old men, the women and the children. I was a chance visitor and the only spectator. Here is a little pamphlet: 'Prayers and Songs for the Soldiers.'



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It is small and cheap, plainly the product of soldiers, but with the stamp of genius in every line. Here is a prayer for those affected by the war, for the soldiers, for the officers, for the patrol, the sentinel, those in the trenches, for those who wait at home, and this: 'To those at home who no longer wait, Lord, give them hope. Though there may be no mound of earth by which they may kneel, there is yet the heart of God where living and dead are always held. Lord, may they triumph in faith.' "

"And atheistic France?" I asked.

"Politics," said Dr. Watson.

"And what will come of it all?"

The doctor's reply was first in French. Then he struggled to get away from the French idiom.

"There is something in France that is about to be born: the life before breath. France is about to give expression to a new heart impulse and a new soul interest. The glory of the world this day is France; the miracle of the world is France. Belied as an irreligious people, belied as a decadent race, belied as a people bankrupt of moral force, in the hour of their peril the French showed supreme faith in their destiny. There is not a nation on earth but would be proud to think that its people in the hour of danger would bear themselves with such strength, nobleness, and bravery. And all because France is first of all one people: a nation of one life and one love, and that love the nation. Therefore France speaks with one voice: 'Forward, my children!'

Of all those who give testimony as to the revival not the least interesting are the clergymen at the front. These include Protestant ministers and Catholic priests. For, besides regular chaplains and non-combatant clergy in the hospital service, this war has fighting priests.

The air of France is charged with their narratives, many with the flavour of the trench and garrison hanging to them: soldier stories all.

### Pray before Fighting

There is prayer in the trenches, in the second line and in ruined villages, in camp, courtyard, and street. There is absolution

by the fighting priests under fire. One of them says:

"At one place we were in the rearguard before a bridge that they were about to blow up. We were in great danger. Nearly all my comrades, the adjutant at their head, proposed to confess. Two only wished to wait, but asked me with simplicity to run toward them if they were wounded. A schoolmaster was beginning his confession when the order came to fall back. I did not see the schoolmaster again. He was killed. The good God will surely have taken account of his good will."

### The Sacrifice of Life

Here is an incident of absolution: The adjutant was dying. He had received absolution, the viaticum, and extreme unction. The chaplain exhorted him to make the sacrifice of his life generously.

"Yes, father," he answered; "I will do all that I ought to. Tell me, what must I think and say?" Then, after a moment's pause: "My God, help me! It is hard, you know. For I loved life so much. But I must die, my God, help me. Guide—"

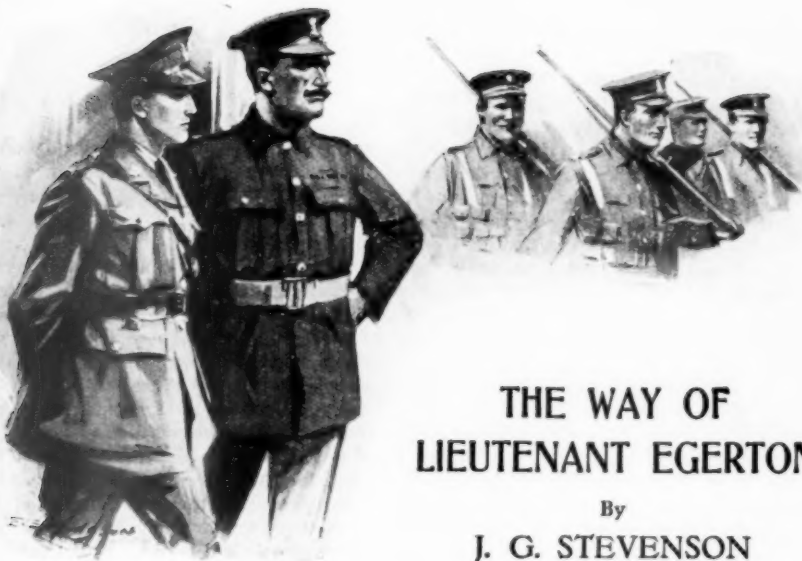
There are thousands of such stories up and down the length and breadth of France, stories that float back from the battle front to those who wait at home and to the appalling multitude who no longer wait: stories that are part of the warp and woof of the life of a nation in the heavy shadow of the blood-red cloud of war. It is small wonder that those who minister to the spirit should see the soul of France shining upward through the darkness, a radiant, eerie thing, blinding the nation to the visible and material and opening its eyes to the invisible and the infinite.

So I have torn the rose apart. To me the perfume remains, blotting out the acrid smell of blood. This I know: I have seen a mighty, nascent, vital thing among a people.

And perhaps the whole answer to my question was not so much in what I have been told and have related here as it was in the fixed, abstracted, unseeing eyes of those who filed by me into Notre Dame that grey Sunday: the eyes of those who neither seek relief from sorrow in weeping nor smile to conquer it.

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## THE WAY OF LIEUTENANT EGERTON

By  
J. G. STEVENSON

BRITISH children yield the palm to those of no other nation for ecstatic staring at all that is military; and on this particular December evening the urchins of Whaplade were enjoying a treat of the first quality. They had enjoyed it many times before, but it never staled; and, fascinated to an alert silence, they watched the platoon that was formed up in the side street and noted with vivid interest each order that marked the final stages of a day whose main feature had been a lengthy route march. When at last the stentorian "Dismiss" gave the ranks release, the men broke into noisy groups voluble with reminiscences of the day's experiences. But the young lieutenant and the fatherly sergeant lingered, and both frowned as they looked towards the dispersing soldiers. The frown was due to the fact that two would-be warriors limped, while to eyes trained to discern it was plain that three others trod tenderly.

"Same old game, sir," said the sergeant testily. "Them fellows are a disgrace to the platoon. It isn't as though our march had been far. Why, when I first joined the service we'd have made nothing of it. No, sir, our heads was hard enough, but our feet wasn't soft, not by a long chalk. We'd have taken to-day's trudge in our stride, mud an' all, and chance it. I'll grant you the colonel forces the pace a bit, and now

and then it was heavy going, but arter all there was that hour's halt. They didn't ought to be any the worse. Fact is they're not looking arter their feet, the young sweeps."

"Well, sergeant," came the pleasing cultured tones of the younger man, "it is not for want of talking to them, is it? What?"

"Not only talking, sir, but talking well. Why, I've talked to three of them very fellows myself off parade. They're billeted together, and I called round one time and gave 'em the office friendly like. Straight and strong they had it. They promised they'd soak their feet every night, but I lay they ain't done it. Then there was that jaw—beg pardon, sir—that talk you give the whole platoon on parade. There was no answer to it, sir, and they knowed it. Spoke beautiful, you did." The officer crimsoned suddenly, for the very young are strangely susceptible to unexpected praise. "Says you, 'The British Army marches on its feet. Fitness for war conditions is the only thing that counts. What you need to prevent injury to the feet is well-fitting boots and socks and clean feet!' Some of the chaps looked amused and some a bit unhappy at this, but you goes right ahead. 'If,' says you, 'you ain't got no facilities for washing your feet where you lodges,

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wiping them, and especially wiping the toes with a wet cloth, does good, because it removes dust and grease. At the end of a march always take off your socks to shake them and give them a bit of a stretch and put them back again, not on the feet on which you've been wearing them, but on the opposite. If any place on a foot is tender, notice what part of the sock is likely to cover it, and grease that part with soap inside, not outside, so as it'll be lubricated.' I wondered, sir, what Michael Flaherty thought you meant by that last word, but he never seemed to know he hadn't quite understood. Like the rest of the platoon he was listening all ears, and wondering how you knew so much. 'Blisters,' says you, 'are not to be trifled with. They should be pricked with a needle. Not with a pin, which may poison them, but a needle whose point has been cleaned in the flame of a match.' Good dodge that, sir. 'Then put soap or vaseline or any unsalted pure grease over them. It's a good plan to rest the feet by raising them during a halt; and if they are very tender you can harden them by soaking in salt and water or in methylated spirits.' That's the way you talked, sir; and, begging your pardon, the men have thought better of you ever since. I don't mean they hadn't got a good notion of you before. There's never been no chance, sir, of your being shot in the back, sir, out at the front. Not at all. But knowing you came from Oxford, the chaps was fair staggered at your being so learned about ordinary things like feet. Why, only to-day, when we had our rest, I seed Brown give his pal Sinclair a kick, and he says out loud, he says, 'It's a good plan to rest the feet by raising them during a halt!' Sandy-haired, he is, and a saucy hound. But he remembered all right; and, of course, I pretended not to see or hear."

Lieutenant Egerton laughed. "Good memory you've got, sergeant, what?" came his easy comment. "Pity, if the men can remember as well as you, those five haven't acted up to what I told them. If they'd taken care there would be no lameness this evening, what!" He fingered his immature moustache.

"Well, sir, I couldn't swear all the men have my memory; and besides, as our old parson at home said many a time when I was a boy, 'Hearing's one thing and doing's

another.' Them there chaps needs dropping on."

Once more the officer laughed. "My father," he confessed, "is a parson, and I've heard him lament the same thing. Well, I must think of some way of getting at those chaps. Perhaps I'll have a talk with the adjutant, what! Good-bye." They parted with an exchange of salutes that lacked nothing in formality.

Telscombe Egerton, now and then responding mechanically to such other salutes as were his lot on his way billet-wards, walked with a swing that showed no trace of the day's effort. He was, indeed, hard as nails, and fairly ran up the steps of his temporary home. Fortunately for him he was quartered in the house of a local doctor; and the doctor's wife had commenced by loving him for the sake of her own boy away elsewhere under similar training, and within a week had learnt to care for him for himself. Her example had been followed by the entire kitchen staff, and not least by the parlour-maid who opened the door to him with a smile of welcome.

"Evening paper's just come, sir," she announced. "Mistress was sorry she's out to tea, and master he's out to an accident. Message came for him on the telephone, Mr. Egerton. I've got a good fire in the drawing-room for you. You go and warm yourself, and I'll toast the muffins at once. Want a wash, do you? Of course. There's lots of hot water in the bathroom; and, sir—"

She hesitated. "Well, what is it, Clara?" asked the young officer.

"Please, sir, mistress always does the drawing-room blinds and curtains when she's in; and I feel nervous about 'em. You know just before you came here we had them Zeps about, and I got up early one washing morning and lit the gas; and then I heard a voice outside call out: 'Put that light out or I'll fire.' Stern and nasty he said it, and fair gave me the jumps, me being only half awake. It was the sentry outside the orderly-room just opposite; and all because I'd forgot to draw the blinds. Mine being a attic window, nobody said nothing the night before. What made it worse was that I knowed the chap. It were that red-headed fellow Brown, in your platoon, who sings 'Keep the home fires burning' fit to make you cry; and that's how he carried on. Shoot

## THE WAY OF LIEUTENANT EGERTON

me, he would, for burning a little gas! And I'd been out walks with him a time or two."

"Oh, you had, had you, what?" queried her auditor, with an amused smile. "Oh! I say, Clara."

"Yes, sir. But never no more. He tried to excuse his silly self. Talked about military necessity. Said he'd no idea it was me. Thought I slept at the back. But I told him I'd finished with him; and ever since I've been that nervous about lights I hardly know where I are from a hour after sunset to half a hour before sunrise. It gives me the creeps to carry a candle about the house." Her tones became pleading. "Please, sir, would you mind seeing to the drawing-room blinds and curtains? I'll get that flustered if I do it myself; and you being an officer will know all about it. Perhaps I didn't ought to ask. In fact, cook said it was like my impudence. But I'm sure you won't mind."

"Of course not, Clara. Very glad to do it. Any other fatigue duty for me, what? Would you like me to find you another private to take the place of the sweet singer with the Elizabethan locks, what?"

Clara looked demure. "No thank you, Mr. Egerton. I've had several applications, and one's a corporal. Quite superior he is. Thank you very much about the curtains. I told cook as I were sure you're a gentleman that'll do anything to help anybody. You ain't one of those officers master calls a temporary gentleman for three years or the duration of the war. Master does think of funny things, he does."

She ran off, and Egerton was soon in the bathroom. Leisurely he washed, and then descending to the drawing-room he drew the window coverings and lit the gas on either side of the central mirror. "Thank you, sir," said Clara afresh as she brought in tea. The next moment with an abundant sense of physical well-being he was working his will on her generous provision for him. Muffins passed like the snow in spring. A plateful of not too thin bread and butter was plastered with strawberry jam and preceded a generous portion of cake. Lieutenant Egerton found everything very good, for was he not nineteen, and did not his appetite, like to his moustache, bear witness that manhood in essentials is not incompatible with divers survivals of boyishness? The season of repletion not long delayed

found him at peace alike with his environment and his inner man. He lit a cigarette and rang the bell for Clara to clear. When she came, quick intuitions moved her to do her work in silence, for she noted that he sat rigid and with set face stared into the fire. He had opened the newspaper to read among recent casualties, and listed as "Died from Wounds," the name of Captain Richard Gale of the 6th Loamshires, 10th Battalion.

The intimation struck him to the heart, for Gale was, perhaps, his closest friend. They had been at school together. They had proceeded to the University together. They had joined the same college. They had roomed on the same staircase. True, Gale, always an enthusiastic member of the Officers' Training Corps, had gone straight into khaki at the very commencement of the war, and thus their ways had parted. But when Egerton had returned to Oxford in October he had found his friend quartered there for some weeks with his regiment; and his influence had done much for him. At home they had not been quite certain about Telscombe girding on a sword for his country's good. His father, a cleric of the milder type and an ardent member of the Anglo-German Friendship Union, found it quite impossible to credit what all of us have since been compelled to believe regarding Teuton duplicity. His mother would rather have liked to see her boy in an officer's uniform, and if she could have got him into a regiment for home service only she would somewhat reluctantly have let him join. But no discoverable arrangement seemed to guarantee this with sufficient certainty; and so though before the end of the Long Vacation the young man was inwardly chafing, yet parental restraint kept him among the civilian population. On his return to Oxford he found himself in an atmosphere other than that of the home country rectory.

Not a few pacifists laid their views before him, and a German fellow-student, not yet interned, put in a word for his own people. But the Head of his college said right out, "The College wishes, expects, requires that all able-bodied members shall join the O.T.C. with a view to applying for a commission at the earliest moment after adequate training." Every other remaining member of his own set acted at once on the plain

## THE QUIVER

suggestion. For a fortnight Egerton held out under the restraint of the home folk. Then Richard Gale helped him write the final letter that extorted their permission and later cheered him when a tear-stained epistle from his mother laid stress on the fact that he was her only child. Gale further accompanied him home some two week-ends later, and talks between them and Mr. and Mrs. Egerton left even the mother tearful but satisfied. When Telscombe Egerton had received his commission and was undergoing a further period of training, it was the fortifying pen of his friend Gale that heartened him against the mental nausea subsequent to bayonet instruction. Richard Gale did not chide him for squeamishness, but made it clear that those who prepare to make war must harden their hearts and be willing even at the cost of their own feelings to teach a stubborn enemy in the only way they are willing to learn. Two days of Gale's last leave had been spent in Whap-lade, and Egerton's whole-hearted envy of the other's accelerated maturity did but deepen their comradeship and give them greater joy in one another. Now Gale was dead. The thing was unthinkable, inexpressibly poignant, impossibly sad. Telscombe Egerton looked into the fire while his soul became numbed with surfeit of misery. Then he pulled himself together with an effort and pondered the thought that, after all, of such a sort are the risks of war, and such misfortunes must somehow be faced like any other. Quickly he arose, and going to a little desk against the wall he wrote to Gale's mother a heart-broken and yet manly letter, full of affection for his friend, offering sympathy to her, and asking with all courtesy that when any member of the family felt equal to communicating with him he might be favoured with such melancholy particulars as had reached them. "I know," ran part of the letter, "that just as he always seemed to me to live the life God wished him to live and was well content, so he has been equally content to die the death God wished him to die."

His hostess would be home in a few minutes, and somehow he did not feel equal to facing her with his news heavy upon his soul. Did not her heart stand still for her own boy whenever such tidings came? Further, he wished to be alone; and he,

therefore, passed into the hall and put on his overcoat preparatory to taking his letter to the post. When he had dropped it into the letter-box he wandered disconsolate through the darkened streets until he was confronted by the giant bulk of a great church, imposingly mystic in the night. In its porch a faint light gleamed, and from the steeple a bell was sounding. He realised the hour of Evensong was near, and, drawn by an impulse that accorded with his mood, he passed into the sacred building. The interior was dim with mystic shadows, for only at the end of the left aisle did a well-lit Lady Chapel show illumination. Egerton walked up the aisle, but something halted him just outside the screen that filtered the light through its lattice-work. Within the chapel three ladies knelt, but he preferred to take his place just outside. Soon clerical tones, reminiscent of his father, were setting forth the terms under which the wicked man shall save his soul alive. The familiar words wakened a worshipful mood; and when they came, confession and absolution seemed far more real to Egerton than usual. The Old Testament lesson was from the book of Isaiah, and, though he was vaguely conscious of an occasional phrase, yet it failed to appeal. He ceased to concentrate, and his attention wandered. But the emotions of the hour lingered and possessed him. As his friend Gale, who had known a little about psychology, might have told him, he was in a distinctly suggestible condition, for memories of the home church and the home people and the home atmosphere were joining with a sense of grief at the loss of his comrade to make him susceptible to influences not always powerful for him; and, as often happens in moments of suggestibility, it was not at first immediate presentations so much as sub-conscious factors that were definitely influential. Thus the power of the service persisted so that soon once more each item made its own impression. With the Magnificat his devotion became self-conscious. The second lesson was the first twenty-one verses of the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and from the desk there came in convincing tones the story of the earlier happenings of our Lord's last night in the Upper Room. As he listened, somehow after a fashion that had never been his before, Egerton entered into the radiant heart of



"It was a very subdued Brown who came along and was bathed and wiped"—p. 948.

Drawn by  
E. S. Hodgson.



## THE QUIVER

Him who, on the very eve of betrayal and death, was filled with confidence because He knew that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God and went to God. Gaining in reverence, the young officer came to breathe the very atmosphere of the Upper Room; and clearly he saw his Lord, to the bewildered amazement of the disciples, laying aside His outer garments and taking up a towel and girding Himself; he saw the sheen of the water beneath the lamplight as the Master poured it into a basin; he watched like one who had really been present on the occasion as Jesus washed the disciples' feet and wiped them with a towel wherewith he was girded; and full of interest he looked on at the expostulation and the ultimate glad submission of Simon Peter.

"Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head," came the words of the sacred narrative; and Egerton was all but overwhelmed by the mystic quality of their suggestion. It was a youth purified and comforted to the point of exaltation who left the church when the service was over and returned to the house of his host. An inner flame lighted him through the blackened thoroughfare, and he told himself that neither a big sorrow like the promotion of his friend, nor a minor trouble like that which irritated the sergeant, was able to do more than drive him to the strength and heartening of spiritual realities. He made things as easy as possible for his hostess by the tact and calmness with which he gave her his disconcerting news, and he charmed her anew by his gratitude for her ready sympathy. It was a chastened little company that sat down to dinner, but there was little of pain in their depression, and some time before the end of the meal more than one of Egerton's good-natured comments was on the surface entirely normal. While they were awaiting coffee in the drawing-room, he suddenly gave a yell that startled his hostess. It was the glad yell of a big boy, rejoicing and triumphant; and it was well for Egerton that Mrs. Campbell was a mother, and had heard such sounds before.

"Got it!" her guest exclaimed. "Great notion, what? Sorry to startle you, but I have just seen my way through a difficulty with some of my men. I wonder whether you know if Collins has gone out yet?"

Collins was his soldier servant. Clara, entering with a tray, declared him still in the kitchen.

"Good egg!" commented Lieutenant Egerton. "Yes, two lumps, please." He held out his hand for the cup. "Excuse me, please, Mrs. Campbell, while I scribble a note for Collins to take to Sergeant Harrison."

As he turned his back, the doctor bestowed on his wife a glance which meant he judged their guest overwrought and a little unnatural by reason of the news of the death of Richard Gale. Her face clouded for a moment and she nodded the nod of those who love and comprehend.

"Are you going out this evening, Mr. Egerton?" she asked, as he finished writing.

"Rather! May I ring for Clara again, please? I'll be in till nearly ten, though. I say, doctor, if I come to the surgery may I have some cotton wool and some vaseline or boracic acid ointment?"

"Help yourself, my dear chap," came the hospitable reply. "Go now, if you like. The boracic acid ointment has just been freshly mixed, and it is in that brown jar on the lower shelf."

The clock was just striking ten and bugles were shrilling with piercing insistence as Lieutenant Egerton, carrying a small package, crossed the road to the orderly-room. In a well-lit office, whose close-fitting blinds left no reason for complaint, Sergeant Harrison was waiting, an entirely happy centre of combination for patience, tolerance, and strong tobacco whose aroma yielded only by a little to German gas.

"Well, sir," came his slightly uncertain greeting, as he removed his pipe for a moment. "I don't know what to think about this idea of yours, but I'm your man all right, Mr. Egerton, and I'll see you through anyhow. It will, at least, make the fellows realise that you mean business."

"Have you got the names and addresses, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. The nearest to us is young Frost. He's billeted by himself at 3 Spillman Street."

They reached the house to find that Private Frost had retired to rest some half-hour before.

"Tired in his feet, he said he was," explained his landlord, who opened the door.

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## THE WAY OF LIEUTENANT EGERTON

"No need for that," said the sergeant. "I'll see to everything of that sort."

He passed quickly up the stairs and thundered on the bedroom door.

"Now, my lad," he called out as he entered, "look alive! Foot inspection. Out you comes from that bed and stands to attention. Here's Lieutenant Egerton. Show a leg. Out with you, my boy."

Private Frost slept on. But this was not the first time Sergeant Harrison had roused men predisposed to slumber. Deftly he unfastened the blanket and other clothes at the bottom of the bed, and by agitating them violently produced a cold blast of air which started the sleeper dreaming of an Arctic hurricane, and then, as his waker's instructions penetrated to a bemused brain, brought him on to the floor with a violent thump. Considering his mental condition, his salute at the sight of Lieutenant Egerton was very much to his credit. Mechanically, and not at all persuaded he was not still dreaming, he stood to attention, a forlorn but rigidly upright figure. By degrees the cold of the December night sharpened his consciousness.

"Sit down on your bed, Frost," ordered the young officer. "I want to have a look at those feet of yours. Sergeant Harrison and I noticed that you walked rather carefully after the march this morning. Let me see what's wrong."

The sergeant held the candle close, and there was no doubt as to what was the matter. On the right foot quite a large area of skin had been excoriated through friction.

"Washed 'em both all right, I did, sir, before coming to bed, but I hadn't no grease of any sort."

"What!" thundered the sergeant, "and you call yourself a soldier. What about soap? And what about this tallow candle that you came to bed by? I tell you what it is, my lad; you've been a civilian so long that you've lost what little sense God Almighty gave you to start with. Good thing you've joined the Army."

"All right, sergeant, all right," interposed Lieutenant Egerton. "Now, Frost, here's some boracic ointment which I'll scrape with my penknife on to this piece of paper. Give the place on your foot a good rub at once, and let it have another dressing to-morrow morning. Good night."

They groped their way down the stairs, leaving the tallow candle in Frost's possession.

"The other three chaps," reported the sergeant, "live together. It's about a quarter of a mile from here, at 18 Castle Street. I don't think Frost's foot was so very bad, sir, but if he'd left it it might have been a nuisance to him. I fancy his boots ain't all they might be."

A quick, bracing walk through the unlit streets brought them to 18 Castle Street, where their arrival created absolute consternation. It transpired that the three soldier lodgers slept in the same room; and as a fortnight earlier the sergeant had called on a not dissimilar errand, the appearance of their military superiors explained itself. But the disquieting factor was the appearance of Lieutenant Egerton. The men had gone up to the bedroom they shared. One, already beneath the sheets but still sitting up, was inhaling the fragrance of a "Woodbine" to his intense satisfaction. Another man, still fully dressed, was scribbling a letter on the dressing-table; while Brown, the red-haired quondam companion of Clara, had so far disrobed as to be about to jump into bed.

"Foot inspection, my lads!" roared the sergeant superfluously, and yet in a voice of thunder. "Here's Mr. Egerton come to look up the lame ducks of the platoon. I told him he'd bring down three with one barrel in this billet. Now then, you, writing home to your mother for a postal order, stop all that and off with your boots and socks, and stand to attention. Shall we have 'em all together, Mr. Egerton, or one at a time? Better parade first, I think, sir, and then you can do what you like with them."

Once more the sergeant lowered a candle to assist his superior officer. The man who had been writing the letter was in no need either of medical help or expostulation. For him the sergeant's earlier visit had borne fruit, and his slight limp at the end of the day's march had been merely the remains of trouble he had himself earlier tackled in accordance with instructions; but Brown and the other man needed a good deal of attention.

"Sergeant," came Lieutenant Egerton's orders, "tell the landlady to send up a pail of hot water. The basin over there will do

## THE QUIVER

all right, and I can use these towels. I have brought my own sponge."

No one in the house had the slightest excuse for failing to understand what the sergeant demanded of the landlady. Clad in a flowered print dressing-gown, and with her grey hair plentifully diversified by ornaments of iron, she presented herself in a state of great agitation.

"Hot water, Mr. Officer," she repeated in flustered tones. "Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. Fortunately, I didn't use only a little from the kettle to-night, and it's nearly full, and there was quite a good fire when I came upstairs to get ready for bed. You'll excuse me, sir, I'm sure, me being in my curls and not expecting two callers like you and the sergeant here. No, sir, not at all, sir, begging your pardon, I'm sure."

The lieutenant laughed.

"Mr. Egerton," announced the sergeant, solemnly, "don't care nothing about curls. He's heard you're a good landlady to these lads, and that satisfies him all right. Now, make haste, missis, and bring that hot water."

When it came, Brown and the other man, who, though galvanised into a seemingly respectful silence, had been doing a great deal of thinking, looked helplessly at one another. The microbe of hilarity was in the air, but the serious mien of the officer forbade a single snigger. Slowly Lieutenant Egerton poured some cold water into the basin he had placed on the ground, and to this he added hot, assessing the temperature with an interjected hand. He flung in half a handful of boracic acid powder, and stirred the water until it appeared to have dissolved.

"Now, then," he said to the connoisseur of "Woodbines," "your turn first. Bring that chair up and sit down and shove your feet into this basin." The soldier could only obey orders. Not a word was spoken as, for three minutes by the sergeant's watch, he solemnly sat and soaked his feet.

"Now," said Lieutenant Egerton, kneeling on one leg and bending over him with a towel, "out with your feet. Doesn't that make them feel a great deal more comfortable?"

"Yes, sir, I must admit it does, sir," was the not ungrateful yet not entirely whole-hearted response.

Egerton dried his feet with the tenderness

of a mother doing her best for a baby. There was a blister that needed attention, but at length all that could be done had been done, and, greatly relieved, the unwilling patient retired.

"Now, Brown," commanded the sergeant, "your turn next. If I was Mr. Egerton I should put you in that basin head first for a bit, for you really ought to have more sense. Why, your feet have actually been bleeding, and you was going to bed without taking any notice whatever. I suppose you haven't heard that cleanliness is next to godliness. But perhaps you've no use for either."

Something in these ribald strictures hit the red-haired Brown on the raw. His eyes glowed with resentment. Perhaps a soldier of greater experience would have behaved otherwise, but the soldiers of the New Army are not as earlier soldiers, and with them temperament is slow to be overawed by authority. Sergeant Harrison sensed the situation and resorted to heavy sarcasm.

"Look at little Willie," said he, "with the lovelight in his eyes. Must tell a certain young woman about this. Is it lovelight or is it temper? What do you think, Mr. Egerton?"

Lieutenant Egerton needed no assistance in coping with immediate conditions. The sergeant's last remarks brought Clara's garrulity back to memory. Brown was the acquaintance to whom she had referred in such scathing tones.

"Now, my man," said the officer with a laugh, "lovelight or temper, put out that light or I'll fire."

To the amazement of the non-commissioned officer, who lacked the clue to this cryptic gibe, the other two soldiers laughed with huge enjoyment. "One for you, Brown," the smoker of "Woodbines" ventured to remark.

Whether it was one for him or not, the unexpectedness of the shaft reduced Private Brown to abject submission.

"Water not quite warm enough," declared Lieutenant Egerton after testing. "Let me add some hot. No, sergeant, stand away, I'd rather do it myself. Now then, Brown, come along."

It was a very subdued Brown who came along and was bathed and wiped. It was a grateful Brown who realised the comfort of the boracic acid, and accepted from Lieutenant Egerton a small box of vaseline.

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## THE WAY OF LIEUTENANT EGERTON

Quick to realise the change, the sergeant interposed.

"All right now, my lad, ain't it? Good thing you gave in to Lieutenant Egerton without any trouble, or he'd have had to turn you out of the regiment."

Brown shifted to the side of his own bed.

"That's all right, sergeant," he answered in cheerful tones. Then he looked across to Lieutenant Egerton. "And I am sure," he added with a smile, "that if Lieutenant Egerton wants to bath me some night all over I ain't going to grumble."

"Good," said the young officer, apparently gratified. "I've something to live for, what! Well, good night, you fellows, and do take care of your own feet in future."

"Good night, sir," came the chorus; and though the moment the door was shut the quick ears of the sergeant heard muffled laughter, he knew how far the officer had scored. They parted outside the house, for their billets lay in different directions.

"Good night, sir," came the sergeant's final words, an amused pride glowing in his heart. "You've done a real good job to-night. Shame those beggars it will into looking after themselves properly; and I tell you when the story gets round it'll be all the better for you after you gets to France. Follow you anywhere, and do anything for you, will that Brown, or any other of the fellows, I'm pretty certain; and with troops that has so short a training as theirs, a heap depends on what they really thinks of an officer. Good night, sir. I wonder where you got the idea from?"

"Good night, sergeant." He spoke absent-mindedly. "And thanks awfully for coming with me, what!"

The absent-mindedness was capable of a simple explanation.

Suddenly there welled up into the consciousness of Lieutenant Egerton a picture of a kneeling Figure and a vision of a certain Upper Room; and, overwhelmed, he realised whence his inspiration had come.



Among the Wild Tribesmen  
of Persia. (See article on next page.)

Photo 1  
Claude F. Cambern.



The  
Greeting.

Photo:  
Claude F. Camburn.

## TURBULENT TRIBESMEN

Among the Nomads of Persia

By CLAUDE F. CAMBURN

**T**HEY raced headlong into our camp, six of them, appearing apparently from nowhere. A thunder of galloping hoofs; the jingle of harness as they drew rein at the tent door; the whinny of a horse that the fearsome bit had flung on its haunches as its rider checked it in full career—these were the first intimations we had of the arrival of Adumba Khan and his retinue at our little camp in the hills. News of our presence in the valley had reached the Khan at his own camp higher up, and he had ridden down to take stock of the Feringhi, and to inquire as to his object in coming so far from the usual caravan routes to the north. Visitors to the district were so rare our appearance had excited no small wonderment and curiosity.

### Men of Distinction

They dismounted before the tent, salaamed with haughty deference, sat in a semi-circle round the doorway, and rolled each for himself a cigarette. It was obvious they were men of distinction, for their clothing was of silk, and, unlike most of the chiefs of the nomad tribes we had met till then, they wore coats over their gabas. They were armed to the teeth, with pistol and knife in their thick rolled cummer-

bunds, and rifles which never left their hands. The Khan carried, in addition, a Mauser repeating pistol, and each man had a full belt of cartridges, or an array of leather powder flasks, and pouches for shot and ball for his muzzle-loader, slung round his waist.

### Along Dangerous Tracks

From the moment of our leaving the ordinary trade routes for the lonely, rugged, dangerous tracks which lead among the mountains of the province of Fars, north-west of Shiraz, the muleteers had regaled us with terrible stories of the horrors perpetrated by the wild, fierce tribesmen who inhabit the hills. Lonely travellers were frequently waylaid and assaulted, and small caravans, too weak to resist attack, robbed of their goods and beasts, and left destitute. Pillage and murder were their pastimes, and the silent rocks of many a tang and gorge among the sombre mountain peaks had witnessed fearful scenes of rapine and massacre at the hands of these daring brigands. Nothing was sacred to their roving bands, not even life nor honour, and it fared ill with any who dared resist their devilries.

But the six stalwart, handsome men who sat before the tent, and smoked unending cigarettes as they talked in subdued tones

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A Camp  
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## TURBULENT TRIBESMEN

about the foreigner and his armament—for firearms are a perpetual source of attraction to these nomads—utterly belied, in appearance and conduct, the terrible character which tradition had ascribed to them. Their rank, and the power they possess, gave them a haughty, arrogant air natural to such independent freebooters, but their visit had been prompted by nothing but curiosity, and courteous hospitality towards a stranger in their country. And when a driving storm of rain broke over the hills, and swept down the tang in a whirling sheet of mist, they bade adieu with hurried salaams, leapt to the backs of their horses, and galloped off through the pelting squall to their own tents at the head of the tang. So when the night fell, black and moonless, we slept as soundly in our little camp as for many a night before, though we knew we had penetrated to the stronghold of the mountain bands, and should certainly meet with them again many times in the days before us. And we lay unmolested till morning.

### On the Heights

Day dawns greyly on a camp encircled by mountain peaks. At that great altitude,

9,000 feet above sea-level, the air of the morning is as chill as the frost king's breath. The sparse vegetation of the mountainside is powdered thick with snowy rime, and crystals of ice gleam and sparkle on every tuft of grass and stunted bush, which clings with fibrous roots to the naked rock, or struggles for bare existence in the stony soil. The snow on the peaks behind the camp lies thick as a blanket in the hollows, and the bold ridges of rock which crop through the glistening mantle gleam like polished jet in contrast with the silver of the unsoiled snow.

The caravan of laden mules starts warily down the vale in the still uncertain light, for although the sun has already tinged the snow on the heights above with a roseate flush, the gorge in which the track meanders is dim with mist and shadow. Deep in the bed of the valley a noisy streamlet flows riotously between the boulders which strew its bed, and we follow its windings till the rough and broken track leads us upwards among the towering crags, and we round the shoulder of the mountain to other valleys beyond.

It is obvious that we are gradually creeping



A Camp Encircled by Mountain Peaks.

Photo:  
Claude F. Camburn.



## THE QUIVER

lower as the day draws on. The bare piles of rock which hedged our path during the early hours of the march give place to green hill slopes, with clumps of gnarled and twisted thorn bushes, beside the minor growths of rush and tangled weed, and the withered leaves and stems of the passing flowers of spring. As we halt for tiffin on a steep incline, with streaks and patches of sodden snow still clinging to its crest, a camel comes lolloping down a tang in the ridge opposite, laden with green fodder from the valley, and throughout the afternoon we steadily descend to lower levels, where swampy hollows lie between softly rounded hills, and every valley is veined with silver streaks of water from the melting snows—sure sign of lesser altitudes and warmer airs.

Sunset nears rapidly once more. Men and mules alike are tired with a long day's

plain is one huge encampment of the nomad Iliyats, their black tents dotting it all over in little patches, while their flocks and herds in countless thousands are grazing from end to end of the vast expanse. Tiny clusters of tents nestle in every hollow and crest, every rise of the broken ground, and as we wend our way among them the men come running to watch us ride by; and the women peep from beneath the tent flaps, disturbed in their work by the uproar our appearance has created; while the children, born and bred in the fearless freedom of the hills and plains, race beside our caravan to get as long a look at the Feringhi as they can snatch as he passes.

Anything more perfect in its pastoral peace than this sunset scene could scarce be imagined. The great plain was shrouded somewhat by the mountain range behind which the sun had sunk. Towards a bunch

of black tents a flock of sheep wandered in the wake of a little lad, who led his charges homewards to an eerie tune which he skirled shrilly on a wooden pipe. Among some of the near-by flocks several women were busy milking the sheep and goats, and on the crest of a ridge a group of girls gathered to gaze as we passed, laughing in careless amusement as we stared in return. The one in white is a bride who has not yet doffed her



A Fine Specimen of the Iliyats' Movable Houses.

Photo :  
Claude F. Cambern.

toil. So we lag wearily as we climb the rounded shoulder of Kuh-i-Dina, and come out from the hills at last upon a vast, bare upland, bounded on the farther side by a barren range, and to our left by the towering ridge of the kuh, whose ragged crest is crowned with eternal snow, flushing faintly at the tender touch of the sun's last kiss. And the sight before us rouses wearied men to vital interest again, for the whole great

nuptial garments, while her companion was busily spinning from the skein of wool slung on her left shoulder, dexterously twisting the bobbin between skilful fingers.

We questioned the men as to the strength of the tribe, mustered under one great chief, and learnt that they numbered 2,000 tents. But when we inquired the extent of their possessions, their sheep, cattle, and goats, they shrugged their shoulders, and with a



## TURBULENT TRIBESMEN

comprehensive sweep of the arm invited us to scan the vast herds which covered the plain.

"How many?" they repeated contemptuously. "How can we tell? That there are many thousand thousand we know, but what are a few score hundreds more or less?" And as we wended our way through the herds which were massed over square miles of pasture land, we realised that a census of such a huge concourse was beyond the possible. And seeking a sheltered nook as a camping site on the banks of a little stream, we pitched our tent in the midst of the nomads as the gloaming gradually deepened to dark.

Through the luminous twilight which preceded the fall of night a little cavalcade was seen approaching the camp. The footfalls of the horses were deadened by the spongy turf, the occasional ring of their hoofs on the stones which strewn the ground first warning us of their coming. It was Abdullah Khan, the chief of the tribe, the father of nine sons, all rulers over some section of the great clan, which was scattered over the country for several days' march, from Khorkun even unto Dina, and beyond the range, northwards, to Sisakht. One of them, Musti Khan, accompanied his father on this, his state visit to his unexpected guests. The Khan was a fine old gentleman with snow-white beard, a genial face and benevolent manner, who bowed over our hands in greeting with the dignity of a patriarch of old. His pressing invitation to stay over the morrow and go hunting with his son was eagerly accepted, and we turned in that night anticipating with pleasure the sport the day would bring, and the fresh insight we should get into the lives and habits of our interesting neighbours.

Next morning the shadows of mounted men were cast on our tent by the already

glowing sun before we turned out, and the jingle of harness mingled with the voices of our visitors as their horses chafed and fretted at the restraining rein. When all were assembled nothing would satisfy the other chiefs but that Musti Khan should display his skill with the rifle, and he spent



Ready for Peace  
or War.

Photo:  
Gloria F. Camburn.

some time splitting stones in mid-air with a bullet as his farrash threw them up one by one. The group of eager men with their faces strained towards the flying target, hotly debating the precision and billet of each shot, their loose, gay garments fluttering in the breeze, and the sun flashing on the barrels of their brandished rifles, made a fine picture, and when the Khan gave the word to mount, and each man sprang to the back of his waiting horse, the bold grace of each movement was perfect. Gay saddle cloths, with pendent fringe and tassels; buckles and bosses of silver on crupper and bridle; and shoe stirrups of inlaid brass, enhanced the splendour of the brilliant trappings.

We swung off up the hill, opening out into loose order as we neared the crest, the horses galloping over the rough and stony ground, and sweeping towards the top of the ridge with powerful strides.

## THE QUIVER



Photo :  
Claude F. Cam'ron

Houses Clustered  
Under One Roof.

The keen-eyed Iliyats picked out the running partridges a great way off, and having sighted a bird in the distance, they would gallop up till nearly within range, and then, leaping from their horses, would leave them in charge of a farrash, and walk the bird up to get a shot as it rose. In this way we worked the whole of the hillside, bagging a few brace of birds, and towards noon found ourselves at the foot of the range, and so made for the river to beat the belt of scrub bordering the stream for pig, which sometimes harboured there. News of the sport that was toward had spread to the various encampments in the valley, and from every part of the dasht horsemen came galloping to join our ranks, till we mustered nigh upon twenty men, and had several pairs of dogs. Beside their rifles, many of the chiefs had great pistol holsters, made of embossed and figured leather, hung at their saddle bows, the flaps which covered them being studded with cartridges. Into the thick cover of willows dashed the farrashes, urging on the dogs with shout and halloo, while we rode with the chiefs outside in the open, to catch the pigs as they crossed the plain to the hills beyond. The bush was

beaten from end to end, and drawn blank, and we mustered under a willow for the ride home.

On the way back the Khan suggested a race, and, on an open space girdled by swamp, the line was formed for the start. At the word, each rider shook the reins loose over the neck of his steed, and urging it to its utmost speed tore madly over the ground, which shook beneath the thundering hoofs, while little spurts of grey dust burst from the sod under the feet of the flying horses. Their riders spurred them on to fresh exertion, and with voice and rein urged them to reach the front, while their brandished rifles flashed back menace to the sun which played on the gleaming steel. It was one of the wildest scenes I have ever witnessed, and recalled nothing so forcibly as the mad "powder plays" of the Moors of Morocco, or the wild feats of the Algerian horsemen.

Towards sundown, two or three of the chiefs who had hunted with us in the morning came to our camp, and we went to visit Abdullah Khan and his family, and rode over the river and up the hillside to where a score of tents were clustered on a little plateau, the biggest one being for the use of the Khan and his family. It was a fine specimen of the Iliyats' movable houses, made of blankets of black goats' hair, and upheld by plaited ropes of the same useful

## TURBULENT TRIBESMEN

material. It was pitched north and south, with its back to the sun, just then sinking behind the snow-clad peaks above. It was about forty feet long, and the sides were prolonged for nearly the same distance, by mats of reed stems laced together with goats'-hair cord. The narrow roof was inclined downwards towards the front, which was quite open. At the back of the tent, and running along its whole length, was a pile of rugs and pillows and carpets, the bedding of the large family which occupied it.

We were invited to sit on carpets placed before the tent, the Khan, his son, and their retinue being grouped on either hand. Kaliuns, the Persian water pipes, were produced for the chiefs, and we were supplied with tea in tiny stukan, or tumblers. The tea was made in a Russian samovar, the charcoal required being prepared at a small fire close by, and the soft bubble of the pipes, and the monotonous chant of two girls beating out corn behind a screen of mats, made a murmurous undercurrent of sound which harmonised most delightfully with the pastoral peace of the scene before us.

Our talk, which was of war and bloodshed, and the horrors of strife when nations get to grips, was chiefly remarkable for the surprising knowledge the Khan displayed of European diplomacy and aggression in the East. He knew of Russia's occupation of Manchuria, and argued that she must be the strongest and most powerful nation in the world. "For why else," he asked, "should my people call the Tsar 'the King of the Kings of the earth'?" We were not then allied with the Slavs against the Teutonic despotism, so as patriotic Englishmen we did our utmost to convince him of his error, while marvelling at the spread of Russian politics and influence so far south of Teheran.

Our leave-taking was quite affecting, the good old Khan placing the whole tribe and all they possessed at our disposal. He mounted us on two of his best horses, and sent a farrash to conduct us down to, and

across, the river. It was growing quite dusk as we salaamed our way out, and the fires burning before the tents glowed in the gloom against their black background, while the smoke filtered slowly skyward in filmy blue wreaths, and the camels, for which the tribe is famous, lolloped in from their feeding grounds and settled down in contented groups for the night.

This was the only occasion on which we encountered the Iliyats in force, though we often met small parties, and were frequently visited in our camps by roving bands out foraging, or, quite possibly, scouring the hills and dales with an eye to loot. They are magnificent horsemen, and swoop and wheel and dart about the plain as if they and their fine horses were one. I once saw an Iliyat start a lark from beneath his horse's hoofs while riding full gallop up a steep hillside, when he quickly unslung his



"We passed through Sadat, and found it in ruins"—p. 956.

Photo:  
Claude F. Camburn.

## THE QUIVER

rifle from his shoulder, followed the flying lark till he was pointing his weapon over the tail of his racing steed, and dropped the bird dead at the first shot. Then, gathering the reins he had dropped on his horse's neck, he wheeled it round like a top, and came whirling back with the stones flying from beneath its thundering hoofs, and, flinging himself from the saddle till he hung head downwards by his heels, he snatched the bird from the ground as he swept by, and regaining his seat by a quick forward swing, he dropped the lark into his holster, and cleaned and reloaded his gun, without the least pause in his headlong career.

Nothing can daunt or deter them; wherever they choose to pitch their tents they are monarchs of all they survey, and, strong in their fine independence and courage, they exact obedience from the less hardy villagers among whom they decide to dwell for a time, when on their incessant migrations in search of pasture for their flocks.

Although this power is usually wielded justly and well, it is sometimes put to dreadful purposes, for the Iliyat is a relentless foe, slow to forgive, and awful in vengeance. We passed a tiny village one day among the hills, deserted, and silent as the grave. The little group of houses clustered under one roof was surrounded by a low wall which encircled the whole, the ground thus enclosed being divided into private yards, one for each house, by section walls radiating from the building to the outer wall. The whole was in ruins, for a few days before Abbas Khuli Khan had passed that way, and wiped out, or driven into durance, the entire population in revenge for a grievance he owed the headman and his family. Two days later we passed through Sadat, and found it, too, in ruins. Here again the same fierce chief had left the traces of his fell revenge, and here, too, the mosque sheltered all who were left.

A haughty disregard for all laws which clash with their interests and will, and a hatred of restraint, are inborn characteristics of their natures. That they are a law unto themselves was proved to us by a circumstance which came under our notice repeatedly. The grey iron posts, which carry the humming wires of the Indo-European Telegraph Company right across the country, from Bushire, on the coast of the Gulf, through Shiraz to Ispahan, to the

capital, and northwards into Europe, space out the track through the heart of Persia, over plateau and desert and mountain range. Many of these posts had been used as targets by the nomad marksmen, and wilfully shot through and through, some so riddled with holes they had snapped in halves, and hung dangling from the wires overhead. That the Persian Government has to pay twenty tomans, £2 in English coin, for every post so destroyed, concerns the Iliyats not a whit, and that the fine imposed is certainly wrung, with compound interest, from the wretched peasants in the district where the damage is done, is of less account to these reckless robbers than the loss of a spilt charge of shot.

They own allegiance to no one outside the jurisdiction of the tribe. Their lawlessness has made their name a terror to more peaceable folk, and our little caravan was often augmented by parties of merchants and their mules, who joined us for the sake of the safety that numbers, and the presence of the European, would afford them. Of late years very few instances have occurred of insult or outrage being offered to Europeans, though the plunder of caravans along the trade routes was of common occurrence, and the murder of the muleteers only the natural sequence of a show of resistance. But the new spirit of brutal force inaugurated by the Central Empires in the present terrible conflict seems to have met a responsive spirit in the Iliyats' character, and to have emboldened them to acts of violence and outrage against Europeans, whose persons they have held inviolate till now. Hence the murder of two British officers outside Bushire by "insurgent tribesmen," the attempt on the life of His Majesty's Consul-General at Ispahan, the assassination of the British Vice-Consul at Shiraz, and many other instances of a loosening of the bonds of law, of order and control. I have often wondered whether my friends the Kashghais were incriminated in these deeds of violence.

Fierce, free, untamable, and of a splendid courage; born to the saddle and the use of firearms from babyhood; hardy as the ibex which frequent their mountain heights, and as inured as they to peril and exposure, if they are drawn in earnest into the present war of nations they will surely prove foemen worthy of any steel.

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"Come, then, let's slag and forget," she said"—p. 953.

Drawn by  
Stanley Davis.

# MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

## CHAPTER XV

### THE NIGHTMARE

IT was but a day or two after the outbreak of the war that it was believed that an expeditionary force was to be sent to France, to help in arresting the Teutonic tide that was now breaking over Belgium; but no public and authoritative news came till after the first draft of the force had actually set foot on French soil. From the regiment of the Guards which Michael had rejoined, Francis was among the first batch of officers to go, and that evening Michael took down the news to Sylvia. Already stories of German barbarity were rife, of women violated, of defenceless civilians being shot down for no object except to

terrorise, and to bring home to the Belgians the unwisdom of presuming to cross the will of the sovereign people. To-night, in the evening papers, there had been a fresh batch of these revolting stories, and when Michael entered the studio where Sylvia and her mother were sitting, he saw the girl let drop behind the sofa the paper she had been reading. He guessed what she must have found there, for he had already seen the paper himself, and her silence, her distraction, and the misery of her face confirmed his conjecture.

"I've brought you a little news to-night," he said. "The first draft from the regiment went off to-day."

Mrs. Falbe put down her book, marking the place.



## THE QUIVER

"Well, that does look like business, then," she said, "though I must say I should feel safer if they didn't send our soldiers away. Where have they gone to?"

"Destination unknown," said Michael; "but it's France. My cousin has gone."

"Francis?" asked Sylvia. "Oh, how wicked to send boys like that."

Michael saw that her nerves were sharply on edge. She had given him no greeting, and now as he sat down she moved a little away from him. She seemed utterly unlike herself.

"Mother has been told that every Englishman is as brave as two Germans," she said. "She likes that."

"Yes, dear," observed Mrs. Falbe placidly. "It makes one feel safer. I saw it in the paper, though; I read it."

Sylvia turned on Michael.

"Have you seen the evening paper?" she asked.

Michael knew what was in her mind.

"I just looked at it," he said. "There didn't seem to be much news."

"No, only reports, rumours, lies," said Sylvia.

Mrs. Falbe got up. It was her habit to leave the two alone together, since she was sure they preferred that; incidentally, also, she got on better with her book, for she found conversation rather distracting. But to-night Sylvia stopped her.

"Oh, don't go yet, mother," she said. "It is very early."

It was clear that for some reason she did not want to be left alone with Michael, for never had she done this before. Nor did it avail anything now, for Mrs. Falbe, who was quite determined to pursue her reading without delay, moved towards the door.

"But I am sure Michael wants to talk to you, dear," she said, "and you have not seen him all day. I think I shall go up to bed."

Sylvia made no further effort to detain her, but when she had gone the silence in which they had so often sat together had taken on a perfectly different quality.

"And what have you been doing?" she said. "Tell me about your day. No, don't. I know it has all been concerned with war, and I don't want to hear about it."

"I dined with Aunt Barbara," said Michael. "She sent you her love. She also wondered why you hadn't been to see her for so long."

Sylvia gave a short laugh, which had no touch of merriment in it.

"Did she really?" she asked. "I should have thought she could have guessed. She set every nerve in my body jangling last time I saw her by the way she talked about Germans. And then suddenly she pulled herself up and apologised, saying she had forgotten. That made it worse! Michael, when you are unhappy, kindness is even more intolerable than unkindness. I would sooner have Lady Barbara abusing my people than saying how sorry she is for me. Don't let's talk about it! Let's do something. Will you play, or shall I sing? Let's employ ourselves."

Michael followed her lead.

"Ah, do sing," he said. "It's weeks since I have heard you sing."

She went quickly over to the piano.

"Come, then, let's sing and forget," she said. "Hermann always said the artist was of no nationality. Let's begin quick. These are all German songs: don't let's have those. Ah, and these, too! What's to be done? All our songs seem to be German."

Michael laughed.

"But we've just settled that artists have no nationality, so I suppose art hasn't, either," he said.

Sylvia pulled herself together, conscious of a want of control, and laid her hand on Michael's shoulder.

"Oh, Michael, what should I do without you?" she said. "And yet—well, let me sing."

She had placed a volume of Schubert on the music-stand, and opening it at random he found "Du Bist die Ruhe." She sang the first verse, but in the middle of the second she stopped.

"I can't," she said. "It's no use."

He turned round to her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said. "But you know that."

She moved away from him, and walked down to the empty fireplace.

"I can't keep silence," she said, "though I know we settled not to talk of those things when necessarily we cannot feel absolutely at one. But, just before you came in, I was reading the evening paper. Michael, how can the English be so wicked as to print, and I suppose to believe, those awful things I find there? You told me you had glanced at it. Well, did you glance at the lies they tell about German atrocities?"



## MICHAEL

"Yes, I saw them," said Michael. "But it's no use talking about them."

"But aren't you indignant?" she said. "Doesn't your blood boil to read of such infamous falsehoods? You don't know Germans, but I do, and it is impossible that such things can have happened."

Michael felt profoundly uncomfortable. Some of these stories which Sylvia called lies were vouched for, apparently, by respectable testimony.

"Why talk about them?" he said. "I'm sure we were wise when we settled not to."

She shook her head.

"Well, I can't live up to that wisdom," she said. "When I think of this war day and night, and night and day, how can I prevent talking to you about it? And those lies! Germans couldn't do such things. It's a campaign of hate against us, set up by the English Press."

"I dare say the German Press is no better," said Michael.

"If that is so, I should be just as indignant about the German Press," said she. "But it is only your guess that it is so."

Suddenly she stopped, and came a couple of steps nearer him.

"Michael, isn't possible that you believe those things of us?" she said.

He got up.

"Ah, do leave it alone, Sylvia," he said.

"I know no more of the truth or falsity of it than you. I have seen just what you have seen in the papers."

"You don't feel the impossibility of it, then?" she asked.

"No, I don't. There seems to have been sworn testimony. War is a cruel thing; I hate it as much as you. When men are maddened with war, you can't tell what they would do. They are not the Germans you know, nor the Germans I know, who did such things—not the people I saw when I was with Hermann in Baireuth and Munich a year ago. They are no more the same than a drunken man is the same as that man when he is sober. They are two different people; drink has made them different. And war has done the same for Germany."

He held out his hand to her. She moved a step back from him.

"Then you think, I suppose, that Hermann may be concerned in those atrocities," she said.

Michael looked at her in amazement.

"You are talking sheer nonsense, Sylvia," he said.

"Not at all. It is a logical inference, just an application of the principle you have stated."

Michael's instinct was just to take her in his arms and make the final appeal, saying, "We love each other, that's all," but his reason prevented him. Sylvia had said a monstrous thing in cold blood, when she suggested that he thought Hermann might be concerned in these deeds, and in cold blood, not by appealing to her emotions, must she withdraw that.

"I'm not going to argue about it," he said. "I want you to tell me at once that I am right, that it was sheer nonsense, to put no other name to it, when you suggested that I thought that of Hermann."

"Oh, pray put another name to it," she said.

"Very well. It was a wanton falsehood," said Michael, "and you know it."

Truly this hellish nightmare of war and hate which had arisen brought with it a brood not less terrible. A day ago, an hour ago, he would have merely laughed at the possibility of such a situation between Sylvia and himself. Yet here it was: they were in the middle of it now.

She looked up at him flashing with indignation, and a retort as stinging as his rose to her lips. And then, quite suddenly, all her anger went from her, as her heart told her, in a voice that would not be silenced, the complete justice of what he had said, and the appeal that Michael refrained from making was made by her to herself. Remorse held her on its spikes for her abominable suggestion, and with it came a sense of utter desolation and misery, of hatred for herself in having thus quietly and deliberately said what she had said. She could not account for it, nor excuse herself on the plea that she had spoken in passion, for she had spoken, as he felt, in cold blood. Hence came the misery in the knowledge that she must have wounded Michael intolerably.

Her lips so quivered that when she first tried to speak no words would come. That she was truly ashamed brought no relief, no ease to her surrender, for she knew that it was her real self who had spoken thus incredibly. But she could at least disown that part of her.

"I beg your pardon, Michael," she said.

"I was atrocious. Will you forgive me?"

**Because I am so miserable."**

## THE QUIVER

He had nothing but love for her, love and its kinsman pity.

"Oh, my dear, fancy your asking that!" he said.

Just for the moment of their reconciliation, it seemed to both that they came closer to each other than they had ever been before, and the chance of the need of any such another reconciliation was impossible to the verge of laughableness, so that before five minutes were past he could make the smile break through her tears at the absurdity of the moment that now seemed quite unreal. Yet that which was at the root of their temporary antagonism was not removed by the reconciliation; at most they had succeeded in cutting off the poisonous shoot that had suddenly sprouted from it. The truth of this in the days that followed was horribly demonstrated.

It was not that they ever again came to the spoken bitterness of words, for the sharpness of them, once experienced, was shunned by each of them, but times without number they had to sheer off, and not approach the ground where these poisoned tendrils trailed. And in that sense of having to take care, to be watchful lest a chance word should bring the peril close to them, the atmosphere of complete ease and confidence, in which alone love can flourish, was tainted. Love was there, but its flowers could not expand, it could not grow in the midst of this bitter air. And what made the situation more, and increasingly difficult was the fact that, next to their love for each other, the emotion that most filled the minds of each was this sense of race-antagonism. It was impossible that the news of the war should not be mentioned, for that would have created an intolerable unreality, and all that was in their power was to avoid all discussion, to suppress from speech all the feelings with which the news filled them. Every day, too, there came fresh stories of German abominations committed on the Belgians, and each knew that the other had seen them, and yet neither could mention them. For while Sylvia could not believe them, Michael could not help doing so, and thus there was no common ground on which they could speak of them. Often Mrs. Falbe, in whose blood, it would seem, no sense of race beat at all, would add to the embarrassment by childlike comments, saying at one time in reference to such things that she made a point of not believing all she saw in the newspapers, or

at another ejaculating, "Well, the Germans do seem to have behaved very cruelly again!" But no emotion appeared to colour these speeches, while all the emotion of the world surged and babbled behind the silence of the other two.

Then followed the darkest days that England perhaps had ever known, when the German armies, having overcome the resistance of Belgium, suddenly swept forward again across France, pushing before them, like the jetsam and flotsam on the rim of the advancing tide, the allied armies. Often in these appalling weeks, Michael would hesitate as to whether he should go to see Sylvia or not, so unbearable seemed the fact that she did not and could not feel or understand what England was going through. So far from blaming her for it, he knew that it could not be otherwise, for her blood called to her, even as his to him, while somewhere in the onrush of those advancing and devouring waves was her brother, with whom, so it had often seemed to him, she was one soul. Thus, while in that his whole sympathy and the whole comprehension of her love was with her, there was as well all that deep, silent English patriotism of which till now he had scarcely been conscious, praying with mute entreaty that disaster and destruction and defeat might overwhelm those advancing hordes. Once, when the anxiety and peril were at their height, he made up his mind not to see her that day, and spent the evening by himself. But later, when he was actually on his way to bed, he knew he could not keep away from her, and though it was already midnight, he drove down to Chelsea, and found her sitting up, waiting for the chance of his coming.

For a moment, as she greeted him and he kissed her silently, they escaped from the encompassing horror.

"Ah, you have come," she said. "I thought perhaps you might. I have wanted you dreadfully."

The roar of artillery, the internecine strife, were still. Just for a few seconds there was nothing in the world for him but her, nor for her anything but him.

"I couldn't go to bed without just seeing you," he said. "I won't keep you up."

They stood with hands clasped.

"But if you hadn't come, Michael," she said, "I should have understood."

And then the roar and the horror began again. Her words, though the simplest, the

## MICHAEL

most directly spoken to him, could not but evoke the spectre that for the moment had vanished. She had meant to let her love for him speak; it had spoken, and instantly, through the momentary sunlight of it, there loomed the fierce and enormous shadow. It could not be banished from their most secret hearts; even when the doors were shut and they were alone together thus, it made its entrance, ghost-like, terrible, and all love's bolts and bars could not keep it out. Here was the tragedy of it, that they could not stand embraced with clasped hands and look at it together and so rob it of its terrors, for, at the sight of it, their hands were loosened from each other's, and in its presence they were forced to stand apart. In his heart, as surely as he knew her love, Michael knew that this great shadow under which England lay was shot with sunlight for Sylvia, that the anxiety, the awful suspense that made his fingers cold as he opened the daily papers, brought into it to her an echo of victorious music which beat to the tramp of advancing feet that marched ever forward leaving the glittering Rhine leagues upon leagues in their rear. The Bavarian corps in which Hermann served was known to be somewhere on the Western front, for the Emperor had addressed them ten days before on their departure from Munich, and Sylvia and Michael were both aware of that. But they who loved Hermann best could not speak of it to each other, and the knowledge of it had to be hidden in silence, as if it had been some guilty secret in which they were the terrified accomplices, instead of its being a bond of love which bound them both to Hermann.

In addition to the national anxiety, there was the suspense of those whose sons and husbands and fathers were in the fighting line. Columns of casualty lists were published, and each name appearing there was a sword that pierced a home. One such list, published early in September, was seen by Michael as he drove down on Sunday morning to spend the rest of the day with Sylvia, and the first name that he read there was that of Francis. For a moment, as he remembered afterwards, the print had danced before his eyes, as if seen through the quiver of hot air. Then it settled down and he saw it clearly.

He turned and drove back to his rooms in Half Moon Street, feeling that strange craving for loneliness that shuns any com-

panionship. He must, for a little, sit alone with the fact, face it, adjust himself to it. Till that moment when the dancing print grew still again he had not, in all the anxiety and suspense of those days, thought of Francis's death as a possibility even. He had heard from him only two mornings before, in a letter thoroughly characteristic that saw, as Francis always saw, the pleasant and agreeable side of things. Washing, he had announced, was a delusion; after a week without it you began to wonder why you had ever made a habit of it. . . . They had had a lot of marching, always in the wrong direction, but everyone knew that would soon be over. . . . Wasn't London very beastly in August? . . . Would Michael see if he could get some proper cigarettes out to him? Here there was nothing but little black French affairs (and not many of them) which tied a knot in the throat of the smoker. . . . And now Francis, with all his gaiety and his affection, and his light pleasant dealings with life, lay dead somewhere on the sunny plains of France, killed in action by shell or bullet in the midst of his youth and strength and joy in life, to gratify the cursed dreams of the man who had been the honoured guest at Ashbridge, and those who had advised and flattered and at the end perhaps just used him as their dupe. To their insensate greed and swollen-headed lust for world-power was this hecatomb of sweet and pleasant lives offered, and in their onward course through the vines and corn of France they waded through the blood of the slain whose only crime was that they had dared to oppose the will of Germany as voiced by the War Lord. And as milestones along the way they had come were set the records of their infamy, in rapine and ruthless slaughter of the innocent.

Just at first, as he sat alone in his room, Michael but contemplated images that seemed to form in his mind without his volition, and, emotion-numb from the shock, they seemed external to him. Sometimes he had a vision of Francis lying without mark of wound or violence on him in some vineyard on the hill-side, with face as quiet as in sleep turned towards a moonlit sky. Then came another picture, and Francis was walking across the terrace at Ashbridge with his gun over his shoulder, towards Lord Ashbridge and the Emperor, who stood together, just as Michael had

## THE QUIVER

seen the three of them when they came in from the shooting-party. As Francis came near, the Emperor put a cartridge into his gun and shot him. . . . Yes, that was it: that was what had happened. The marvellous peacemaker of Europe, the fire-engine who, as Hermann had said, was ready to put out all conflagrations, the fatuous mountebank who pretended to be a friend to England, who conducted his own balderdash which he called music, had changed his rôle and shown his black heart, and was out to kill.

Wild panoramas like these streamed through Michael's head, as if projected there by some magic-lantern, and while they lasted he was conscious of no grief at all, but only of a devouring hate for the mad, lawless butchers who had caused Francis's death, and willingly at that moment would he have gone out into the night and killed a German, and met death himself in the doing of it; he would have gone to his doom as to a bridal-bed. But by degrees, as the stress of these unsought imaginings abated, his thoughts turned to Francis himself again, who, through all his boyhood and early manhood, had been to him a sort of ideal and inspiration. How he had loved and admired him, yet never with a touch of jealousy! And Francis, whose letter lay open by him on the table, lay dead on the battlefields of France. There was the envelope, with the red square mark of the censor upon it, and the sheet with its gay scrawl in pencil, asking for proper cigarettes. And, with a pang of remorse, all the more vivid because it concerned so trivial a thing, Michael recollected that he had not sent them. He had meant to do so yesterday afternoon, but something had put it out of his head. Never again would Francis ask him to send out cigarettes. Michael laid his head on his arms, so that his face was close to that pencilled note, and the relief of tears came to him.

Soon he raised himself again, not ashamed of his sorrow, but somehow ashamed of the black hate that before had filled him. That was gone for the present, anyhow, and Michael was glad to find it vanished. Instead, there was an aching pity, not for Francis alone nor for himself, but for all those concerned in this hideous business. A hundred and a thousand homes, thrown suddenly to-day into mourning, were there; no doubt there were houses in that Bavarian village in the pine woods above which

he and Hermann had spent the day when there was no opera at Baireuth, where a son or a brother or a father were mourned, and in the kinship of sorrow he found himself at peace with all who had suffered loss, with all who were living through days of deadly suspense. There was nothing effeminate or sentimental about it; he had never been manlier than in this moment when he claimed his right to be one with them. It was right to pause like this, with his hand clasped in the hands of friends and foes alike. But without disowning that, he knew that Francis's death, which had brought that home to him, had made him eager also for his own turn to come, when he would go out to help in the grim work that lay in front of him. He was perfectly ready to die if necessary, and if not, to kill as many Germans as possible. And somehow the two aspects of it all, the pity and the desire to kill, existed side by side, neither overlapping nor contradicting one another.

His servant came into the room with a pencilled note, which he opened. It was from Sylvia:

"Oh, Michael, I have just called and am waiting to know if you would see me. I have seen the news, and I want to tell you how sorry I am. But if you don't care to see me I know you will say so, won't you?"

Though an hour before he had turned back on his way to go to Sylvia, he did not hesitate now.

"Yes, ask Miss Falbe to come up," he said.

She came up immediately, and once again as they met, the world and the war stood apart from them.

"I did not expect you to come, Michael," she said, "when I saw the news. I did not mean to come here myself. But—but I had to. I had just to find out whether you wouldn't see me, and let me tell you how sorry I am."

He smiled at her as they stood facing each other.

"Thank you for coming," he said; "I'm so glad you came. But I had to be alone just a little."

"I didn't do wrong?" she asked.

"Indeed you didn't. I did wrong not to come to you. I loved Francis, you see."

Already the shadow threatened again. It was just the fact that he loved Francis that had made it impossible for him to go to



"And the question arises—will you  
marry me before I go?"—p. 966,  
1034

*Drawn by  
Stanley Davis.*



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her, and he could not explain that. And as the shadow began to fall she gave a little shudder.

"Oh, Michael, I know you did," she said. "It's just that which concerns us, that and my sympathy for you. He was such a dear. I only saw him, I know, once or twice, but from that I can guess what he was to you. He was a brother to you—a—a—Hermann."

Michael felt, with Sylvia's hand in his, they were both running desperately away from the shadow that pursued them. Desperately he tried with her to evade it. But every word spoken between them seemed but to bring it nearer to them.

"I only came to say that," she said. "I had to tell you myself, to see you as I told you, so that you could know how sincere, how heartfelt—"

She stopped suddenly.

"That's all, my dearest," she added. "I will go away again now."

Across that shadow that had again fallen between them they looked and yearned for each other.

"No, don't go—don't go," he said. "I want you more than ever. We are here, here and now, you and I, and what else matters in comparison of that? I loved Francis, as you know, and I love Hermann, but there is our love, the greatest thing of all. We've got it—it's here. Oh, Sylvia, we must be wise and simple, we must separate things, sort them out, not let them get mixed with one another. We can do it; I know we can. There's nothing outside us; nothing matters—nothing matters."

There was just that ray of sun peering over the black cloud that illumined their faces to each other, while already the sharp peaked shadow of it had come between them. For that second, while he spoke, it seemed possible that, in the middle of welter and chaos and death and enmity, these two souls could stand apart, in the passionate serenity of love; and the moment lasted for just as long as she flung herself into his arms. And then, even while her face was pressed to his, and while the riotous blood of their pressed lips sang to them, the shadow fell across them. Even as he asserted the inviolability of the sanctuary in which they stood, he knew it to be an impossible Utopia—that he should find with her the peace that should secure them from the raging storm, the cold shadow—and the loosening of her arms about his neck but

endorsed the message of his own heart. For such heavenly security cannot come except to those who have been through the ultimate bitterness that the world can bring; it is not arrived at but through complete surrender to the trial by fire, and as yet, in spite of their opposed patriotism, in spite of her sincerest sympathy with Michael's loss, the assault on the most intimate lines of the fortress had not yet been delivered. Before they could reach the peace that passed understanding, a fiercer attack had to be repulsed, they had to stand and look at each other unembittered across waves and billows of a salter *Marah* than this.

But still they clung, while in their eyes there passed backwards and forwards the message that said, "It is not yet; it is not thus!" They had been like two children springing together at the report of some thunder-clap, not knowing in the presence of what elemental outpouring of force they hid their faces together. As yet it but boomed on the horizon, though messages of its havoc reached them, and the test would come when it roared and lightened overhead. Already the tension of the approaching tempest had so wrought on them that for a month past they had been unreal to each other, wanting ease, wanting confidence; and now, when the first real shock had come, though for a moment it threw them into each other's arms, this was not, as they knew, the real, the final reconciliation, the touchstone that proved the gold. Francis's death, the cousin whom Michael loved, at the hands of one of the nation to whom Sylvia belonged, had momentarily made them feel that all else but their love was but external circumstance; and, even in the moment of their feeling this, the shadow fell again, and left them chilly and shivering.

For a moment they still held each other round the neck and shoulder, then the hold slipped to the elbow, and soon their hands parted. As yet no word had been said since Michael asserted that nothing else mattered, and in the silence of their gradual estrangement the sanguine falsity of that grew and grew and grew.

"I know what you feel," she said at length, "and I feel it also."

Her voice broke, and her hands felt for his again.

"Michael, where are you?" she cried. "No, don't touch me; I didn't mean that."

## MICHAEL

Let's face it. For all we know, Hermann might have killed Francis. . . . Whether he did or not, doesn't matter. It might have been. It's like that."

A minute before Michael, in soul and blood and mind and bones, had said that nothing but Sylvia and himself had any real existence. He had clung to her, even as she to him, hoping that this individual love would prove itself capable of overriding all else that existed. But it had not needed that she should speak to show him how pathetically he had erred. Before she had made a concrete instance he knew how hopeless his wish had been: the silence, the loosening of hands had told him that. And when she spoke there was a brutality in what she said, and, worse than the brutality, there was a plain, unvarnished truth.

There was no question now of her going away at once, as she had proposed, any more than a boat in the rapids, roared round by breakers, can propose to start again. They were in the middle of it, and so short a way ahead was the cataract that ran with blood. On each side at present were fine, green landing-places; he at the oar, she at the tiller, could, if they were of one mind, still put ashore, could run their boat in, declining the passage of the cataract with all its risks, its river of blood. There was but a stroke of the oar to be made, a pull on a rope of the rudder, and a step ashore. Here was a way out of the storm and the rapids.

A moment before, when by their physical parting they had realised the strength of the bonds that held them apart, this solution had not occurred to Sylvia. Now, critically and forlornly hopeful, it flashed on her. She felt, she almost felt—for the ultimate decision rested with him—that with him she would throw everything else aside, and escape, just escape, if so he willed it, into some haven of neutrality, where he and she would be together, leaving the rest of the world, her country and his, to fight over these irreconcilable quarrels. It did not seem to matter what happened to anybody else, provided only she and Michael were together, out of risk, out of harm. Other lives might be precious, other ideals and patriotisms might be at stake, but she wanted to be with him, and nothing else at all. No tie counted compared to that; there was but one life given to man and woman, and now that her individual happi-

ness, the individual joy of her love, was at stake, she felt, even as Michael had said, that nothing else mattered, that they would be right to realise themselves at any cost.

She took his hands again.

"Listen to me, Michael," she said. "I can't bear any longer that these horrors should keep rising up between us, and, while we are here in the middle of it all, it can't be otherwise. I ask you, then, to come away with me, to leave it all behind. It is not our quarrel. Already Hermann has gone; I can't lose you too."

She looked up at him for a moment, and then quickly away again, for she felt her case, which seemed to her just now so imperative, slipping away from her in that glance she got of his eyes, that, for all the love that burned there, were blank with astonishment. She must convince him; but her own convictions were weak when she looked at him.

"Don't answer me yet," she said. "Hear what I have to say. Don't you see that while we are like this we are lost to each other? And as you yourself said just now, nothing matters in comparison to our love. I want you to take me away, out of it all, so that we can find each other again. These horrors thwart and warp us: they spoil the best thing that the world holds for us. My patriotism is just as sound as yours, but I throw it away to get you. Do the same, then. You can get out of your service somehow. . . ."

And then her voice began to falter.

"If you loved me, you would do it," she said. "If—"

And then suddenly she found she could say no more at all. She had hoped that when she stated these things she would convince him, and, behold, all she had done was to shake her own convictions so that they fell clattering round her like an unstable card-house. Desperately she looked again at him, wondering if she had convinced him at all, and then again she looked, wondering if she should see contempt in his eyes. After that she stood still and silent, and her face flamed.

"Do you despise me, Michael?" she said.

He gave a little sigh of utter content.

"Oh, my dear, how I love you for suggesting such a sweet impossibility," he said. "But how you would despise me if I consented."

She did not answer.

"Wouldn't you?" he repeated.

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She gave a sorrowful semblance of a laugh.

"I suppose I should," she said.

"And I know you would. You would contrast me in your mind, whether you wished to or not, with Hermann, with poor Francis, sorely to my disadvantage."

They sat silent a little, but there was another question Sylvia had to ask, for which she had to collect her courage. At last it came.

"Have they told you yet when you are going?" she said.

"Not for certain. But—it will be before many days are passed. And the question arises—will you marry me before I go?"

She hid her face on his shoulder.

"I will do what you wish," she said.

"But I want to know your wish."

She clung closer to him.

"Michael, I don't think I could bear to part with you if we were married," she said. "It would be worse, I think, than it's going to be. But I intend to do exactly what you wish. You must tell me. I'm going to obey you before I am your wife as well as after."

Michael had long debated this in his mind. It seemed to him that if he came back, as might easily happen, hopelessly crippled, incurably invalid, it would be placing Sylvia in an unfairly difficult position, if she was already his wife. He might be hideously disfigured; she would be bound to but a wreck of a man; he might be utterly unfit to be her husband, and yet she would be tied to him. He had already talked the question over with his father, who, with that curious posthumous anxiety to have a further direct heir, had urged that the marriage should take place at once; but with his own feeling on the subject, as well as Sylvia's, Michael at once made up his mind.

"I agree with you," he said. "We will settle it so, then."

She smiled at him.

"How dreadfully business-like," she said, with an attempt at lightness.

"I know. It's rather a good thing one has got to be business-like, when——"

That failed also, and he drew her to him and kissed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MEETING

MINE the soft scented valley,  
Thine the wild wide plain,  
Where, careless of storm, lofty, remote,  
Thou singest thy high refrain.

Mine the safe sheltered ease,  
The wearisome pleasures that cloy;  
Thine the song of a million stars,  
The bursting of sun through his golden bars,  
God's eternal joy.

Thy life and mine! Can aught be found  
To link soaring eagle and painted jay?  
Yet mountain snows quench the valley's heat,  
Heaven's fresh wind blows through earth's close retreat,  
And God walks with man in the cool of the day.

Thus have we met—thy soul has touched mine.  
I have stood with thee on the mountain crest.  
What matter the toil of the steep ascent,  
The bleeding feet, strength wellnigh spent?  
Thy hand held mine, and the sunlit west  
Shone on our faces a light divine.

I have lived, for I know that day alone  
Was worth a thousand lives in one,  
Thou art gone, but thou leavest me blest indeed,  
Royal at last—by my royal need—  
The wind of heaven, the ocean flood,  
The storm-tried soul, the call of God.

E. M. W.

# CAN THE CHURCH BRING ENGLAND BACK TO GOD?

Thoughts on the National Mission of Repentance and Hope

By DENIS CRANE

**T**HE fields are white unto harvest, but there is no sign of a general ingathering. There is no indication of any general turning to God."

In these solemn words—for solemn, in such a time as this, they must be admitted to be—one of our most responsible Christian leaders, a man of broad outlook and tolerant disposition, recently summed up the present religious condition of England.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment any effort on the part of the Churches to change this disquieting aspect of things, there will be little serious disagreement with the verdict given. For my own part, I have lately discussed the outlook with many clergymen and ministers of all denominations, as well as with serious students of our national life who do not come under that category, and they have all spoken of the situation with misgiving, and most of them with grave anxiety.

## A Revival that Passed Away

Its most serious feature is undoubtedly that the quickening of religious interest which marked the earlier stages of the war—amounting in some instances to a revival that flooded every department of Church life, but in others confined to a renewed faith in the efficacy of prayer—has practically passed away. Fear and uncertainty, rather than any deeper impulse, it would appear, were the main causes of the change; and once these abated it became evident that no lasting impression had been made on frivolity and extravagance or on the general indifference to religion. Interest in humanitarian effort on behalf of the troops remains, though somewhat diminished, but there is no deeper change. It is this relapse that awakens apprehension; for, as all students of human nature know, the unconcern that follows on a state of "funk" is incorrigibly stubborn.

On the other hand, certain conditions to the good are recognised. It is claimed that though the Churches and "embodied" Christianity have lost their hold, there is among the people no decline in "diffusive" or essential religion; and the widespread sympathy with ameliorative war-work, and the readiness to bear arms in a righteous cause, are cited in evidence. There is said to be also a keener sensitiveness to lofty appeals and, on the part of the men who have looked death in the face, a new realisation of the value of religion.

## An Unprecedented Opportunity

These facts, it is claimed, are creating for the Churches an unprecedented opportunity; though there is no general ingathering or turning to God, nevertheless the fields are white. The duty of the hour, therefore, is to cultivate the burning heart and the open mind, ready to turn this unparalleled opportunity to account, as the Divine Spirit shall lead.

It was with this purpose that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York last summer took measures to inaugurate a movement that has since assumed the name of "The National Mission of Repentance and Hope"—a movement which, from whatever viewpoint regarded, promises to rank as the boldest that the English Church has ever attempted or conceived.

It is needless to detail the steps by which the Archbishops arrived at their final conclusions; it is enough to say that they were cautious, deliberate, and strategic, maturing in the formation of a Council of seventy persons, including bishops and clergy, with representatives of the laity, both men and women; the Council meeting monthly under the chairmanship of the Bishop of London, and giving effect to its decisions by means of seven executive committees: General Purposes, Preparation of the Church, Litera-

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ture, Relations with other Movements, Work among the Young, Press and Publicity, and Finance.

The representative composition of the Council is sufficiently disclosed in the fact that its three clerical secretaries are men as varied in temperament and outlook as the Rev. C. C. B. Bardsley (secretary of the Church Missionary Society), the Rev. Preb. F. Leith Boyd (Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge), and the Rev. William Temple (Vicar of St. James's, Piccadilly). With these are associated two lay secretaries, one of either sex.

Now the significance of a movement must be measured by its aim. What, then, is the specific task to which the National Mission is addressing itself? Nothing less than the regeneration of England. And as the movement transcends in conception all missions of the past, so does it differ from them in its method. Differentiating this Mission from the familiar parochial mission, an exponent of the movement says:

"The parochial mission aimed at each individual separately; if he were converted or strengthened, this would affect his action as a citizen of his nation; but that was incidental.

"In this Mission the process is reversed. The message is to the nation, and to the individual first and foremost as citizen; if he is to serve his nation as a citizen he will need conversion and consecration himself, and the appeal to individuals will be not less strong, but rather stronger, because it is through his national and social responsibility that the appeal will come.

"There is a real difference between a converted nation and a nation of converted

individuals. All the citizens of a nation might be individually converted and yet the public life be conducted on principles other than Christian. Good Christian people for centuries kept slaves; yet now we say that slavery is an unchristian institution. A converted nation would be one whose citizens tried to order all their relationships to one another and to other nations by Christian principles; there would be many failures; much actual wrong might still be done; but a nation ordered by justice and love, so far as it was deliberately ordered, would be something very different from what we know, and something at which no mission has hitherto directly aimed. Moreover, this is not to be a Mission of Clergy to Laity, but of Christians to non-Christians. It is an attempt to discharge for the first time the

permanent Mission of the Church as a whole to the nation as a whole."

How it has come to pass that this "permanent Mission" of a Church that above all others claims to be "National" is only now, at this late hour, being attempted "for the first time," we need not too closely inquire. It is enough that the Church recognises its shortcomings and frankly admits them. Confession—for Churches as for individuals—is co-ordinately with repentance a primary step in returning to God.

"Our first step is to admit, with shame, that in spite of our

unique relation to the national life and our great inheritance of catholic truth and order and an open Bible, we have ourselves failed to grasp the fact that *Christ died for England*, or to bear an effective witness to it before the nation. We have in consequence allowed whole departments of our national life, our international



The Archbishop of York.

Photo: Albert Heaton.



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relationships, and the relations of landlord and tenant, master and man, buyer and seller, capital and labour, to fall under the dominion of the spirit of godless self-aggrandisement. We have been powerless to help the nation to burst the chains forged for it by the vested interests of vice. We have stunted the spiritual life of our own people by leaving undeveloped the sense of corporate fellowship and responsibility which our highest act of worship is expressly designed to develop and sanctify. And we have drifted out of touch with the great bulk of the nation whom we were appointed to serve."

Statistics are quoted to show that, apart from particular parishes, "which are happy exceptions," the general situation is depressing. In London, for instance, where the population is increasing, the best that can be said is that, in spite of episcopal supervision and almost daily confirmations in all parts of the diocese, the confirmation figures remain stationary; and although during the last five years a Director of Sunday Schools, with three assistants, has been labouring in this sphere, the scholars have shown a steady decrease.

All this is explicit enough. But the last tremulous confession has yet to come.

"If we had been able to point to the signs of marked spiritual vitality in our clergy and people and services, we might be less distressed by the decline in our numbers. Unhappily, we have to admit that the teaching given in our churches seems to make strangely little definite impression; that fellowship, the noticeable mark of early Christianity, and most sure sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit, has by common

acknowledgment ceased to be a reality in our congregations, and even amongst our communicants; and that our services, in spite of much decorum and elaboration of details, too commonly lack the atmosphere of worship and the true spirit of prayer."

The primary incidence of the Mission was therefore, both in point of duty and of strategy, on the Church itself. From the

first, indeed, the broad stages of the work were thus approximately defined: The Mission to the Clergy (Spring), the Mission to Church-workers, Communicants and regular worshippers (Summer), and the Mission to all now out of touch with organised religion (Autumn).

The first stage has been compassed. Its method was largely the holding of Retreats and Group Meetings, each diocese working out its own plan. The example of the Bishop of London may stand as typical, allowing, of course, for differences in local circumstances.

During May, June and July Dr. Ingram placed Fulham Palace at the disposal of the diocese and invited the clergy in the order of their seniority since Ordination to spend there three days in each week. Alone with God on the spot where so many of them were prepared for Ordination, they renewed their vows and sought to regain their "first love." Similar Retreats have been held elsewhere, notably at Hartlebury Castle, Worcester. At these gatherings, as well as at the Group Meetings, the personal life of the clergy came under close examination, and detailed plans were formulated to foster its purity and power.

The Bishop of London, as Chairman of the Council of Seventy, has been assiduous in visitation among the dioceses, expounding



The Archbishop  
of Canterbury.

Photo:  
Albert Nester.

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the aims of the Mission and assisting in the removal of local difficulties. Between April 3 and 21, for instance, he visited no less than fifteen dioceses and addressed over three hundred clergy, besides more than fifteen thousand lay people. His itinerary has covered practically the whole of England. Everywhere he has been welcomed by large audiences—so large, in some places, that overflow meetings have had to be held.

"We encountered a considerable amount of misconception," he wrote to a friend, "but very little criticism and no opposition. The general attitude was one of thankfulness that a great united effort is being made and of anxiety to take part in it."

### How the Mission Works

In its application to the rank and file, the Mission works through the local diocesan council and committees appointed for the purpose. The utmost variety of method is allowed. Emphasis is given to teaching as to the supreme responsibility of the Church at this critical time, to guidance in persistent and far-reaching prayer, and to the training of both men and women that they may bring first the knowledge and then the message of the Mission to the lives and homes of the people. Special Celebrations are being held on Thursday in each week in most parishes, with special intercession for the Mission, both general and local. Churches are open daily for prayer and meditation. Parochial conferences, conferences between neighbouring parishes, the visitation of clergy by clergy, meetings in private houses, and the setting free of workers from other activities that they may concentrate on the propagation of the Mission, are among the counsels widely disseminated and adopted.

The dominant note in all local effort is that, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "the Mission concerns every man, every woman, every little child. The awakening, the strengthening, the enlivening, are for all." The literature issued by the Central Council echoes this personal note. It comprises pamphlets, papers, prayers, Bible studies, lists of recommended books, and a monthly *Bulletin* giving current information of the progress of the work.

October and November are the months allotted for the great effort to reach the outsider. Again, the Bishop of London's procedure may be taken as characteristic.

The Message to the Nation, as represented in London, says he, "will probably be preceded by four great trumpet notes on the Mondays in October, sounded in meetings in which we shall seek to rouse the conscience of London on public morality, temperance, the preservation of Sunday, and social reform."

"In these, all 'men of goodwill' in London will be invited to join. But the Message proper will be a distinctively Church Message, and will be given in November and December as far as this Diocese is concerned, thus liberating our own men in October to help in the country districts. A band of three hundred 'Messengers' is being gathered at the centre, suitable priests being selected from each Rural Deanery in the proportion of one priest to three parishes. These will be distributed by the Diocesan Council in the same proportion to the Rural-decanal Council, who will arrange that each 'Messenger' gives the message of repentance and hope to three parishes on three successive week-end visits from Saturday to Monday. The workers in each parish will presumably have filled the parish church with those who now fill it only at Harvest Festivals and Watchnight Services, and to them mainly the Message will be given. Supplementary work will be carried on by lay speakers, both men and women."

### Reaching the Outsider

It is in its attempt to reach the outsider that the real proving of the National Church will lie. In the "Messengers'" appeal—"Take your part in a united effort to save England from the hell of social injustice and mutual mistrust, of cruel Mammonism and brutal self-indulgence"—is much to stir the imagination; and many a man will doubtless be found ready to make an effort to save the soul of England who would not stir a finger to save his own.

But if the masses are to be won over to the Church in a crusade for national righteousness, many artificialities in her life and government must be swept away. The Fatherhood of God and its corollary, the Brotherhood of Man, will be preached in vain so long as these mighty, these primary truths are encumbered with once living but now dead and deadly accretions. All the Churches—the Free no less than the Established—have been too preoccupied

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with the problems of their own maintenance, with sectarian ideals, with denominational shibboleths, and too neglectful of the Witness they exist to bear in a world of sin. Unless there are changes here, the Bishop will sound his "trumpet notes" in vain.

Happily, there are signs of change, and the Mission will bring it to fruition. Already there is a popular demand for a simpler service, for a shorter liturgy, for greater freedom in worship, and for a revival of fellowship. The men back from the battle-fronts will be impatient of the archaisms of the Prayer Book. To the mystical element in our faith they will readily respond, but they will not be deceived by what is merely obscure. Similarly, they will crave for fellowship. Life in camp, in the trenches, in hospital, will have destroyed the last chance of any Church that in its modes of spiritual culture does not give full place to fellowship. Nor will the new age brook sacerdotal condescension and denominational arrogance. After the war these will be not merely offensive.

They will be worse—they will be ridiculous.

The Church of England Men's Society is destined to play a great part in the Mission and its aftermath. It has a tremendous organisation and a membership of 111,000. On the battle-field men are being admitted as temporary members, the vicar of their home parish is apprised of the fact, and on their return the men are welcomed in the local branch of the Society and given the badge of membership.

In the later stages of the Mission much will be achieved by wise publicity. The campaign will enlist the pens of men like Dr. Scott Holland, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Canon Adderley, and

others, to expound the objects of the Mission through the secular Press.

Artistic posters will be displayed throughout the country and a wise use will be made of the cinema. This is a new departure, so far as England is concerned, in religious propaganda. A series of messages from leaders in Church and State is being prepared for use in picture palaces. This is a shrewd method of reaching the outsider. It is computed that such a message

shown in five hundred selected houses, six nights in the week, would reach at least two and a half million people.

When making the preliminary arrangements for the Mission, the Archbishop expressed the hope that other religious communions would arrange in their own way for an independent effort of a similar character; and correspondence to that effect passed between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Free Church Council. But the latter deemed it inadvisable to recommend a simultaneous national movement. At the same time it expressed cordial



The Bishop  
of London.

Photo:  
Albert Heister.

sympathy with the National Mission, and warmly recommended the Free Churches to show their goodwill and to refrain from holding extraordinary meetings or other distractions in Mission areas at the time of the Mission.

Under these auspicious conditions is it too much to hope that we may be about to witness things of which hitherto we have despaired? May we not hope to see a Church national in the only valid sense, a Church of the People, deserving their confidence, interpreting their ideals, guiding and, if need be, correcting their aspirations, leading them in their struggles for all that is worthy and just?

# HOME TYRANTS

By

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

With tears in our eyes we read of downtrodden races ruled by despots, and our hearts go out to those victims—but what about the victims of everyday tyrannies in our own homes? We are powerless to improve conditions in other kingdoms, but in the kingdom of home we are supreme.

**T**HERE are tyrannies of many kinds practised throughout the world, but I doubt if any of them are so tyrannous as those practised in our homes toward our children. Other tyrannies can, as a rule, be escaped. There are few countries to-day from which the oppressed could not, at some time or other, if they resolutely set their minds to it, emigrate.

## The Tyranny of Mind and Heart

We are wont to read with horror of conditions of oppression in other lands less blessed with freedom than our own. Yet, generally speaking, these tyrannies are practised toward those who, if they may not escape them, yet may find a certain freedom of mind at least toward those who may think and plan and hope for themselves, and order their lives so as to bring about as great an amount of happiness as possible.

The exact opposite of this is the case with our children when they are tyrannised over.

It will be pointed out to me, perhaps, that I am reversing the order of facts. Are not babies the greatest tyrants in the world?

That they are tyrants no one will doubt who has delighted to serve and tend them; but it is a mild and acceptable tyranny to most of us, and a despotism the majority of us are only too glad to endure. So that when one says "Babies are such tyrants," one says it really meaning "Babies are certainly the most lovable little creatures in the world. Is there anything more delightful than to wait upon them and follow their tiny commands?" But when one says, as I found myself saying not long ago of a tyrannical mother, "What a real tyrant a woman of that type is!" one means or implies a tyranny which has no element of happiness or desirability; an

oppression from which one would wish at all costs to be delivered.

That there are many such tyrants is unfortunately true; what is equally true is that few of them realise that they are tyrants. For the power of despotism wielded by the mother is not of one invariable kind. It ranges from the gentlest and most insidious tyrannies to the downright and obvious kind that cannot be mistaken.

## The "Do-as-I-Tell-You" Woman

There is the woman who might be called the "do-as-I-tell-you" woman; who rules her children with an open despotism; whose children behave like frightened little rabbits, or else exhibit that dogged, sullen ill-behaviour so often produced by such methods.

Fortunately, one meets this type, as a rule, only among the lower and unintelligent classes. Now and then one sees an example among women of the better classes, but the loud-voiced, commanding, dictatorial despot is not, among thoughtful and intelligent women, a common species.

Then there is the soft-voiced despot, the woman of small sympathies but unbending will, who never says a harsh word (one would almost rather she did) but who rules nevertheless as with a rod of iron; who cannot be entreated; the mere lifting of whose eyebrows in disapproval is a finality beyond all appeal. Her children are usually well-behaved in the sense that they are quiet and unassuming. Generally they are nervous; for it is not possible long to repress the natural buoyancy of childhood, without that repressed buoyancy manifesting itself in the ugly form of nerves.

Then there is the one who must, I think, be called the narrow-minded tyrant, and I believe there are more than twice as many

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of her as of the other two types put together. Often she does not look like a tyrant at all, nor, outwardly, does she act like one. That is, she rarely gives a command; perhaps she may have every air of being rather a slave to her children than a despot over them. It is certain that in nine cases out of ten she would be amazed beyond words to hear herself called despotic. *She?* Why, has she not lived for her children, slaved for them? Has she not prayed over them, struggled for them, perhaps clothed and fed them, worked from morning till night and sometimes from night till morning for their sakes? Look how self-sacrificing she has been. The children themselves will tell you this. They are very well aware of it; they have not been allowed to forget it. Then, too, look for yourself; has she not devoted herself utterly to her children?

Yes; I know; I know. And in all this lies the deep danger and the deeper pity of her despotism, that it is a secret and unconscious one. For our unconscious trends are apt to sway us more powerfully even than our conscious resolves.

### The Unconsciously Self-centred Woman

The type of woman I have in mind is the one who is unconsciously self-centred. She does not know she is selfish. She believes herself to be genuinely self-sacrificing. She speaks much of a mother's devotion—with her own devotion in mind. You may hear her complain from time to time that children are so often ungrateful, not meaning that her own are so, but the remark is well calculated to keep before their minds continually the gratitude these owe her, and how unworthy it would be of them not to give it to her.

By this you may always know her, by a kind of insistence on devotion rendered her. She has given devotion; this is made clear at every opportunity. But the object, it would seem, of all this giving, throughout the years, has been that it should be given back to her again, full measure, pressed down and running over. Yet it is just this which she is perpetually refuting: "I only want them to grow up to be good men and women. I've slaved for them for years, and had no other thought. But I don't care at all about myself. I only want to live long enough to see them grow up. Then I shall be glad to go." There is no doubt

that it is by such sentiment that the tyrannical devotee cheats herself and those about her. She is genuinely unaware, or as we say unconscious, of her selfishness, but her selfishness is only all the more tyrannical for that. What is really in her mind, could she but realise and admit it, is the old cry of selfishness: "I don't want them to grow up! I have lived for them. In return, I would have them always for my own! I want them to be mine, mine always!"

### Tyranny in Guise of Devotion

This seems extreme, I know. Yet it lies at the bottom of a hundred tyrannies that mask as devotion and affection. I have known, and so I am sure have most of us, women who would not only monopolise their children's lives and affections, but who would, if they could, wholly control their minds and ideals. They want their children to think as they think; to live as they live; to have only what they themselves can have. Their children's ideals, whether religious or social, shall be moulded absolutely on their own. Here is to be no individuality and freedom of mind. "Do as I tell you" becomes transposed to "Think as I think."

If larger and enlarging experiences come which would take this mother's children from under her immediate control she cannot endure them, and discourages them by all the subtle means within her power, by flattery, by self-pity or any other means which will keep the children within her power.

"Tom is the most devoted boy," said Tom's mother to me, putting her hand on Tom's head. "There isn't another boy in the street but is off to the gymnasium three nights in the week—but Tom stays with his mother, don't you, Tom?"

"Jane says she'd not be happy if she left me alone," says another, proudly. "Jane's such a devoted child."

And so, instead of seeing to it that Jane has plenty of interests and pleasures entirely apart from her own, Jane's renunciation is encouraged, accepted, and, indeed, subtly demanded.

The normal child desires and needs pleasures and interests wholly apart from ours, and should have them, without being made to feel that we are denying ourselves in giving them to him.

Such tyrannies—tyrannies of affection, of



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obedience, of duty, all these which mask in the guise of virtues—seem to me more harmful, even, in the long run, than the more downright and unmistakable tyrannies. You will find them oftenest in families of a strongly neurotic trend, and in families known as being especially "devoted." I know three children in such a family who had the opportunity to spend the summer under particularly favourable circumstances, with relatives who were able to give them new and beautiful opportunities, including a trip abroad. The children were eager for it. But the home despot to whom they were "perfectly devoted"—how would she get on without them? How would she endure the loneliness? She was neither old nor helpless; she was only "perfectly devoted" to the children, with a devotion which, when one looked into it fairly, was the most subtle of tyrannies.

"Dear Uncle Harry" (wrote the boy): "Jane and Ethel and I would love to go, but we held a council of war to-day, and we think we'd better not. You see, she'd be so dreadfully lonely. She says she'd miss us every minute, and I know she would."

This was cited by the children's aunt as an instance of unusual devotion on the part of children. It was grave, clear-eyed "Uncle Harry" who shook his head:

"Call it by its right name, Nancy. It's monopoly."

### A Difference of Manner Only

When we look things honestly in the face, we must admit that the difference between the coarse virago of the slums who shouts a dozen times a day, "Do as I tell you," and the woman who sways her children, however subtly, to her own selfish desire to have them always with her, to have them always thinking as she thinks, and doing as she would have them do, is rather one of manner than of fundamentals. Fundamentally both are despotic, unable to see or admit the rights of others.

I have always loved the stories of "The Arabian Nights"; but I have especially loved those which tell of that delightful and beneficent monarch, the great Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.

### Royalty in Disguise

Among other memorable things, it is told of him that he was wont from time to time to lay aside his kingly robes, and in the disguise of a beggar or of a hermit to mingle with his subjects in the streets or the bazaars. For in this way, and unknown to his people, he knew he could discover their needs and desires far better than when he was surrounded by the splendour of his court. There they were bound to pay homage to his royalty and his authority; but with both these things laid aside, he could know his subjects as they really were. Here, forgetful of himself, he could discover the true desires of their hearts, and thus he could the better help in the fulfilment of such desires.

### The Ideal Mother

I often think it is only so that mothers can truly help their children, and be finally an inspiration to them: by the renunciation of all that pertains to tyranny; by the conscious laying aside of all despotism; by the earnest desire not to be supreme in the child's life; by the desire that he should have many pleasures and advantages of his own, apart from ours (for even though these take him from us, it is only thus that he shall enlarge his life and add to its breadth and usefulness); by the desire to have him possess a strong, independent, forceful nature. For sweet as it is to have him lean upon us and depend upon us—the sweetest experience, I suppose, that ever comes to a woman—to allow him to do so is to rob him, to enchain his mind and keep him bound to us when he should be learning, by freedom, to become a moving spirit, serving many men.



# IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Short Serial

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

## VI

WHEN his friend Peter Murray committed the extraordinary and unexpected feat of getting engaged to be married, Anthony Graeme resigned himself then and there to doing without his company for the rest of the summer holidays, but in so doing he failed to do justice to the character of his friend's fiancée.

"If he has arranged to go with you, he goes!" announced that young woman stoutly. "No man begins his engagement to me by breaking his word to an old pal." And when Peter somewhat dolefully pleaded that some engagements might honourably be permitted to override others, and that a poor wretch of a schoolmaster was his own master for only a third of the year, his lady-love smiled her dry, twinkling smile and prophesied callously, "Lots of time to get tired of me later on! Go and climb mountains with Anthoay, and send me love-letters on picture post-cards."

Peter blushed. Anthony noticed with amusement that in this courtship it was the man who did the blushing, and was visited with shyness in the presence of the beloved. Christina's public attitude was one of complacent amusement, but, remembering the depths of tenderness which sounded in her beautiful voice as she sang her passionate love-songs, Anthony could well believe that when they were alone together Peter's heart did not go starved.

The two young men departed on their deferred climbing expedition, and, as was natural under the circumstances, the conversation turned continually towards love and marriage.

"What should you say," queried Anthony, "is the sure and certain sign by which a fellow is to know that a girl is *the* right girl?"

"When you feel—*content* when she's there. Satisfied, you know! Not worrying about anything else," returned Peter practically.

From his magnificent height Anthony stared down at the insignificant little man, his expression critically aloof.

"Not a very romantic definition, old man! Content? Only that?"

Peter flared in defence:

"What could be *more*? Tell me that, if you can! What more could a fellow expect to be?"

"Rapturous! Ecstatic! Crazy with joy!"

"Poof!" Peter snapped derisive fingers. "For a day—for an hour! Rapture doesn't *last* in this world, man! Contentment *does*! Husband and wife have to live together through all sorts of weather . . . growing old. It isn't all beer and skittles keeping house and rearing a family. Precious little 'ecstasy' when the kiddies are ill and the bills pour in; but if the one woman is beside you, understanding and sympathising, well, you can stick it out, sit down in two arm-chairs in the evening and see the bright side of it together."

"I—see," Anthony said slowly. This new definition of love was strange to him, but it made its appeal.

Like a faint echo of a chord there stirred within his own heart an elusive impression of the past, too faint to be called a memory. He knitted his brow, pondering, puzzling, the while the happy lover proceeded to enlarge on the entrancing theme.

"Of course, I am not denying for a moment that there *is* the poetic side. There is a charm, a fascination. The personal attraction enters in. In my own case I confess with shame, my dear fellow—with shame!—that it would be impossible for me to live with a plain woman."

Anthony blinked. His facial muscles clenched in an heroic effort to show no flicker of surprise. From his throat issued a deep, sympathetic growl. It seemed to him that he had listened to one of the most beautiful testimonies of love which the world could produce. Peter believed Christina to be beautiful; she *was* beautiful in his eyes. Glorious blindness! Nay, rather

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glorious vision which saw through the faulty exterior to the beauty within!

"If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

The words of the old song came to Anthony's memory with a new and deeper meaning. How could the face of a woman who brought content fail to be lovely in her husband's eyes?

Travelling about from one hotel to another the two young men were naturally brought into contact with many charming summer girls, looking their best in their neat mountain kit, feeling their best and brightest in the keen mountain air. After a day's climb it was pleasant to come back to a lazy social evening, and Anthony was always sure of his welcome. The handsome young giant was a favourite with the pretty, merry girls who spread their innocent feminine wiles for his benefit, the while he studied them with an intentness born of his own position and the newly-found wisdom learned from Peter.

Plain girls, pretty girls, lively girls, quiet girls, the while he talked and laughed one question lay ever at his heart—"Is it You who hold the magic key? Is it You who can bring contentment to my heart?" . . . And again and again an inexorable "No!" came as a reply.

At the end of a fortnight Peter went flying back to Green Bank, where he was to spend the remainder of the vacation, while Anthony vaguely expressed an intention of "prowling around." He would not confess to Peter that the prowl had a definite direction, but in his own heart he knew that it would lead him to the hillside village where Rose Macquaire was staying with her maiden aunt.

He was looking forward to meeting bonnie Rose with unfeigned pleasure. Remembering the tonic effect of her presence during his late convalescence, his pulse quickened with anticipation. Beautiful, sweet and kind—what better qualifications could a man ask in a wife?

Rose's description of her aunt had not aroused lively anticipation. Anthony pictured her as a precise, somewhat dour Scottish spinster, living on restricted means in a small villa residence, and he smiled with satisfaction at his own perspicuity as he read the words "Ben Lomond" on the gate of a minute, yellow stone building, so accurately square that it looked as if it had

been turned out of a toy mould. Although the windows commanded a fine view, they were one and all shrouded by tightly stretched curtains of Nottingham lace, and neither in house nor garden was there a sign of life. Anthony thought of pretty, laughing Rose, and felt a pang of sympathy. "Bored to sobs" she must be indeed, shut up in such narrow confines!

He rang at the bell, and an excessively small, excessively clean maid opened the door and blinked at him with a pair of blue, lashless eyes. Men visitors were quite evidently of so rare an occurrence at Ben Lomond as to cause a certain consternation.

"Is Miss Macquaire at home?" inquired Anthony.

"Come ben," said the small maid; and he found himself ushered into a front parlour furnished in bamboo, the walls of which were decorated by framed texts and family photographs. Everything was spotlessly clean and immaculately in order, but the whole effect was depressingly unhome-like and uninviting. Anthony examined the lightly built chairs and wondered if they could bear his weight. Then the door opened and a thin, wizened-looking woman entered the room. At the first glance Anthony had a puzzled feeling of recognition, but it passed, and he found himself shaking hands and disjointedly explaining his errand.

"I took the liberty of calling. . . . Your niece, Miss Rose Macquaire. . . . We met at Green Bank last month, and she told me she was coming to visit you. I have been doing some mountain climbing in the neighbourhood. . . ."

"Please be seated," said Miss Macquaire primly. She waved her hand towards one of the wicker arm-chairs, seated herself in another, and folded her hands on her lap. "And will you be staying long at Glenab?"

Anthony hesitated, and to his own annoyance felt the colour mount into his cheeks. He felt the inquiry to be in the worst of taste, and his prejudice against Rose's aunt crystallised into active dislike.

"I have made no definite arrangements. When I am holiday-making I find it adds to my pleasure to plan from day to day. . . . Is Miss Rose at home? Is it convenient for me to see her?"

"You will be the young schoolmaster from England, who was taken ill at Green

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Bank! You would only be seeing Rose for a day or two before . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I developed my very tiresome malady the very morning after she arrived."

Miss Macquaire's lips twitched, her faded eyes dwelt on his face as if she were puzzling out a knotty calculation.

"Rose was out of quarantine last week, but she stayed on. . . . She was expecting to see you?"

Anthony's colour grew a shade hotter, while his voice assumed a more frigid tone.

"I asked Miss Rose if she would allow me to call. It was I who imposed the quarantine upon her. I am anxious to know that she had escaped—"

Still Miss Macquaire stared on. Still the frown wrinkled her brow.

"But—I don't understand! It could not have been on the first night of your acquaintance that you spoke of meeting again?"

"Certainly not. Certainly not." Anthony was momentarily growing more impatient. "Miss Rose was very kind to me during my convalescence. We could not meet at close quarters, of course, but she used to talk to me through the window occasionally. Is she at home? Will it be convenient for me to see her?"

Miss Macquaire rose slowly, unwillingly as it appeared, crossed the room to a side window which opened on to the garden, and, raising her voice, called her niece's name.

"Rosie!" And again more imperiously, "Rosie, come here!"

There was a moment's silence, then came the crunch of a footstep on the gravel, and a cross, an unmistakably cross voice cried impatiently, "Oh, dear, I was just reading! What is it *now*?"

Rose entered. Anthony's first impression was one of disappointment, for the girl's face was fretted and sullen, and her dress lacked the dainty freshness which had characterised it at Green Bank; but he would have been less than man if he had not felt a thrill of complacency at the transformation wrought by the sight of himself. As if wiped out by a magician's wand the lines disappeared from Rose's face; her eyes shone, an exquisite pink flush spread to the roots of her golden hair. She gave a quick, excited little laugh and hurried forward to greet him.

"Mr. Graeme! Oh! When did you come? Have you been here long? . . .

Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I—I was wondering—" She broke off and cast a quick glance across the room. "You asked for Miss Macquaire, and Elspeth thought you meant my aunt. You have introduced yourself, I see. Do sit down! Do sit down! Aunt Mary, could you send us some tea?"

There was an air of dismissal about the manner and wording of the last request which jarred upon Anthony, despite the fact that he was by no means prejudiced in the spinster's favour. Still, it was her own house. Courtesy and consideration were her right.

"That would be very kind! I do appreciate a Scotch tea!" he said heartily, and after a short but perceptible hesitation Miss Macquaire left the room, and Rose subsided on to the wicker couch and clasped her hands in a pretty little fervour of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I am so thankful to see you. I have been so bored. . . . This is the deadliest hole! I have been so hoping you would come. But it was so long . . . I was beginning to be afraid you had forgotten all about me!"

Into Anthony's mind leapt the remembrance that it had been open to her to end her boredom a week before, and the inference that she had not done so because of the hope of his own visit could not fail to be flattering to masculine vanity.

He replied with fervour that such forgetfulness was impossible, and Rose dimpled prettily and said, "Oh, I have so much to say to you . . . I don't know where to begin. . . . *Won't* we have lovely long talks."

Throughout the next hour, the while they partook of a *lôte-à-lôte* meal, the assumption that Anthony's visit was to be of some duration became more and more apparent. Rose never questioned him as to its duration, she simply announced that he would be comfortable at the inn, and referred to various show places in the neighbourhood to which she would escort him "some day." She talked volubly, but her stored-up conversation consisted almost entirely of spasmodic questionings. "How's Christina? . . . How's Peter? . . . Is he happy? . . . Is she happy? . . . How's Agnes? . . . Did you miss me? . . . Are you quite better? . . . Wasn't it unfortunate happening just then? . . . Suppose"—with a glance from long-lashed eyes—"you *hadn't* been ill?"

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If plain-featured Christina Murray had treated the young schoolmaster to conversation of this calibre, his patience would have been short-lived, but when platitudes are spoken by coral lips curved in a Cupid's bow and punctuated by the blushes and dimples of a beautiful girl, wiser men than Anthony Graeme have been deluded into believing that they were listening to pearls of wisdom.

Anthony went back to his inn in high spirits. "What shall we do to-morrow?" Rose had asked him on parting. "I don't know, but we'll do it *together*," had been his laughing response.

The prospect seemed good in his eyes.



Four days had passed by. Rose Macquaire and Anthony Graeme sat on a grassy mound by the side of a hilly road overlooking a wide and smiling countryside. Rose plucked the tall grasses, rubbed their dry heads to pieces between restless hands, scattered the dust, and bent to pick still more. It was one of her peculiarities that she was never absolutely still: everlastingly the little hands fidgeted to and fro. The while Anthony puffed at his pipe he watched her with a mingling of admiration and impatience.

In her blue dress, with her golden head uncovered, she made a lovely picture. She met his glance, and smiled with disarming sweetness.

"What is it? What were you thinking? Were you vexed about something? I don't want you to be vexed. Are you tired of sitting here? Would you rather have gone somewhere else? Are you sure you are quite, quite well?"

Anthony's laugh sounded a trifle forced. "What a list of questions! I never knew such a girl for catechising a fellow. I've a good mind to count how many questions go to the hour. There must be hundreds at least! Yes, I am quite sure I am well. Obstreperously well. Who wouldn't be in this splendid mountain air?"

"But there was something—"

"Was there? Perhaps I am getting a little cramped. Shall we walk on a little farther? You have to be home for lunch. Let me see how the time goes." He pulled his watch from his pocket, and as they looked at it together the man checked himself on the point of saying "Only twelve!"

even as the girl cried regretfully, "So late! I had no idea . . . I suppose we *must* go back."

She rose and shook out her skirts, adding resentfully, "Aunt Mary is so fussy. What can it matter if one *is* late? I don't care about the stupid old lunch. . . . Couldn't we go to a farm and get some scones and milk?"

"No." Anthony spoke firmly. "We must not upset Miss Macquaire. It must have given her a lot of extra work having me coming in and out. I won't have it on my conscience that I have upset her meals. Poor old lady! She doesn't have too gay a time. Must be horribly lonely for her living by herself up here all the year round."

"Oh, she's used to it," Rose said calmly. "She *likes* fussing round and dusting the ornaments ten times a day. It's her life, but"—she sighed dramatically—"it was deadly work for me before you came! . . . Anthony"—they had advanced to Christian names during the last days—"you *will* promise to stay for the picnic on Saturday?"

Anthony hesitated. The prospective picnic, organised by some not very interesting friends, had no lure for him, and he was unwilling to commit himself to staying on a further four days in the same village as Rose Macquaire. She was at times so bewilderingly pretty that a mere man was apt to lose his head and to believe that in this charming creature he had met the ideal partner for life. There were certain danger points which marked the different stages of the day, such as the first meeting in the morning, the last parting at night, when, if it had not been for a certain promise, an impulsive word might before now have settled his fate. "Promise me that you will not propose to any girl until you have had time to test your feelings. Promise me that you will take time to think!" So Philippa had spoken, and Anthony had given his pledge. Even in his most ardent moment that promise held firm.

Besides, it was a puzzling but incontrovertible fact that between the moments of temptation came other moments, nay hours, when in Rose's presence he experienced a feeling of flatness amounting perilously near to boredom! Was it possible that a man could be in love with a girl at one hour of the day and bored with her at





"It was too late. He had  
broken my heart"—p. 91.  
1035

Drawn by  
N. S. Hegel.

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another? How could such a contradiction be reconciled with Peter's definition of "Content"? Strange, how increasingly satisfying to mind and heart that definition had become! At first hearing it had appeared prosaic and lacking in ardour, now— Anthony sighed and sighed again. At the bottom of his heart lay a dull unsatisfied ache.

At nine o'clock the same evening Anthony was smoking and reading after dinner, when the following note was handed to him, written in a small, old-fashioned handwriting:

"DEAR MR. GRAEME,—If convenient to you I should be particularly obliged if you could come over to see me this evening, as soon as possible after the receipt of this letter.—Yours sincerely,

"MARY MACQUAIRE."

"What the dickens can she want! See me? Does that mean that she is alone? By Jove—yes! Rose said she was dining at the Manse, to talk over the plans of that blessed picnic. . . . I must go, of course. There's nothing else for it, but what—what—"

Anthony strode along the village road, fuming with perturbation. In Victorian days there had existed a paralysing process known as asking a man his "intentions." Parents and guardians did not then approve of sitting silently by, the while handsome gallants played fast and loose with their daughters' affections. Before the affair had reached a crucial stage they interfered and demanded explanations. Could it be *possible* that this maiden aunt was about to perform this preposterous task? If so, what was he to say? What was he to do? Indignation tore him on Rose's account, even more than his own. Poor, pretty, unsuspecting child! What humiliation would be hers if ever she discovered the truth! Such interference was intolerable; it was monstrous—unforgivable! Anthony piled up the adjectives one after the other, his wrath mounting to boiling-point, and then at last he stood in the presence of Miss Macquaire herself, and felt a sudden quietening of spirit. There was a pathos in the glance of the tired eyes, a gentle dignity in the manner in which she greeted him, and thanked him for his ready response to her note, which steadied his nerves, and

brought a conviction that what this woman had to say would be for his own good to hear.

They sat for a few moments facing each other in silence, the splendid young giant and the worn, elderly woman, and as he gazed once again that strange feeling of recognition puzzled Anthony's brain. Had he seen her before? Had he seen anyone who was like her? And then suddenly, vividly, he realised the truth. The faded, colourless face was feature by feature, line for line, the facsimile of Rose's own. The shape of the head, the way in which the hair grew on the forehead, the very poise of the long neck—one and all startlingly alike, even the expression. There flashed before Anthony's eyes a picture of Rose's face as it had appeared at the moment when she had entered this very room in response to her aunt's summons on the day of his own arrival—bored, fretted, impatient. Yes! even the expression was then the same. Could it be possible that the passage of thirty years could transform a lovely, blooming girl into a counterpart of the woman he saw before him?

The shock of discovery was so strong that he found himself expressing it in words. "You are so alike! Somehow I never realised it before—so extraordinarily like Miss Rose!"

For answer Miss Macquaire stretched out her hand and opened the drawer of a writing-table by her side. Two photographs lay on the top, so conveniently placed that it seemed as though they must have been put there of intent. She selected the smaller of the two and gave it into Anthony's hand. It was of the old-fashioned type known as "Cameo"—a raised oval in the centre of the card showing a good-sized portrait of the head alone. The style of coiffure showed a date of long ago, but the face itself might have passed as a portrait of the Rose Macquaire of to-day. "That was taken on my twenty-second birthday," the spinster said quietly. "And this"—she held out the second and larger card—"is the man to whom I was engaged to be married."

Anthony's face twitched in involuntary surprise. He stared down at the presentment of a man of some thirty years of age, strong and upright, with a face whose fine, clear-cut features produce an impression of great mental force. A lover indeed of whom any woman might be proud.

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Anthony raised his eyes with an expression of honest sympathy.

"And—and—he died?"

Miss Macquaire returned his glance with steady eyes.

"Oh, no," she said flatly, "he did not die. He only . . . grew tired." She took the photographs from him, put them neatly back in the drawer, and continued in the same quiet, emotionless voice. "I was very pretty, you see: my face pleased him, and he asked me to be his wife. He was a very clever man, and I was never clever: the things he cared for most seemed to me heavy and dull: some things I could not even understand. I told him so; I warned him, but he laughed, and said my dear foolishness was better than any wisdom. I believed him. I gave him my whole heart, but . . . he grew tired! The months passed by, and his visits grew fewer. I had no suspicion—not one! I believed in his love, as I believed in God. It went on for a year, and then—he wrote. It had been a mistake, he said. A fuller intimacy had shown that we had nothing in common. In the intellectual circles in which he lived I should find myself out of place and unhappy. He realised that we could never be companions in the true sense of the word. It was better to put an end now, before it was too late."

The quick in-drawing of Anthony's breath sounded through the little room. He felt inexpressibly grieved, inexpressibly sympathetic, but there was nothing to say. It seemed wisdom to refrain from words which could not heal and might still further aggravate the wound. "And so," continued the spinster slowly, "that was the end. He is a very distinguished man to-day. If I told you his name you would recognise it and be surprised. He has a brilliant wife who has helped his career. For him all has gone well, but for me—" She stretched out her arms with a gesture infinitely pathetic, the empty arms which had been denied life's chief joys! "It was too late. He had broken my heart."

Anthony leapt from his chair and strode over to the window. He could not sit still while a woman told the tale of her desolated life. His heart ached with sympathy, but through all his embarrassment and distress the question persisted—"Why had she spoken? For what purpose had she lifted the veil which shrouded so painful a past?" Then suddenly a hand

pressed on his arm, and Miss Macquaire's voice spoke with a new note of earnestness and entreaty.

"Mr. Graeme! You are a good man, but you are young. Young men don't think—they allow themselves to be carried away by impulse. Mr. Graeme, I am an old woman, and I have suffered—let me say one thing to you, and believe that I am right. . . . *You don't love Rose, my dear!* Look into your own heart now, while there is still time. She is sweet to look on, and she smiles upon you, and it is good to be together on a summer holiday, but think! think!—when you are sad, when you are ill, when you are old and the troubles press—is *she* the woman who is going to help and soothe? Ah no! You know she is not. I am not a clever woman, my dear, but I know love when I see it, and I want to save Rose—and you—while there is time. . . . It is not too late? You have not spoken to her of love?"

"No!" Anthony's answer came swift and clear. "But I should not have been here if I had not—wondered! She knows that; she must know! I came to have the chance of knowing her better—"

"And you have had four days. Four days alone in this quiet place count as much as many weeks in town. You have been happy together, as any boy and girl would have been, but I have watched you . . . there is no joy in your face—no rest! At times when you have come home together you have looked—*tired!* If it had been the real thing I should not have dared to interfere. As it is, I say to you, go home! For Rose's sake, go home! I speak because I love her, because I want to save her from my own fate. If the end comes now . . ."

The young man glanced at her—a quick, shamefaced glance.

"You think that *now*—she won't care?"

Miss Macquaire smiled faintly.

"For a little time, my dear—only a little time! She is young, and it has not gone deep. A little suffering will do her no harm, and she is so pretty—there will be others. In time another man will come along who will give her his whole heart. Poor lassie! If you care for her at all, Mr. Graeme, you won't deny her the chance of being truly loved!"

"I—I will leave to-morrow," Anthony said.

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The interview had been so extraordinarily different from his expectations that his brain felt stunned to numbness. Miss Macquaire continued to talk to him in her low, level tones, but he hardly listened. What was the need? She had said her say; now came the time to act. And Rose must be told. How was Rose to be told? In what way could the news of his departure be conveyed most naturally, most considerately? And then through the open window the two watchers beheld Rose herself approaching along the quiet street. She reached the garden gate and turned her head to cast a searching glance in the direction of the inn, then the latch clicked and she walked up the garden path, her air of a sudden listless and depressed. The evening light dimmed the brilliant tints of her complexion, and gave an impression of loneliness to the slight young figure. Anthony clenched his teeth and turned hurriedly aside. Poor, pretty child! he hated to think that he was about to give her pain. To have climbed the steepest peak in Scotland would have been child's play compared with the ordeal of facing the next ten minutes. . . .

Rose entered. Once again the sight of the tall figure wiped the fretted lines from her face.

"You! You here! I imagined you sitting smoking in the inn. Did you come to keep Aunt Mary company? Is"—suddenly her look changed, a note of anxiety sharpened her voice—"is anything *wrong*?"

"No, nothing. Nothing whatever. It's only that—er—I had a letter, Miss Rose, after dinner. I shall have to go back to town to-morrow morning."

Rose stared at him blankly. "Go back! But you can't. . . . There's the picnic. You promised to stay!"

"I did say so, but that was an engagement for pleasure, Miss Rose, and the other is serious. I'm afraid I must go!"

But Rose's face looked obstinate and unconvinced.

"Any promise is serious. It doesn't matter what it is about. And you promised *me first*. I think you ought to stay. It is your fault that I am here at all . . . remember! Three more days is not long!"

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done. I must

catch the morning train." Anthony's resolution was strengthened by the ungenerous-ness of that reminder. Rose recognised the finality in his voice and changed her tactics in response.

"Well, can't you come back? I have told everybody that you are coming. They are all looking forward to meeting you. Can't you finish your business and come back?"

Travel from London to Perthshire for the sake of attending a country picnic! The absurdity of the idea held Anthony dumb. Then suddenly the blood rushed through his veins, for he realised that had Rose been indeed the love of his heart he would joyfully have travelled many times that distance for the sake of a day in her sweet company. Once and for ever doubt died in his heart at that moment, and he blessed the little spinster for opening his eyes to his own danger. Nevertheless, consideration for Rose softened the tone of his voice.

"I'm afraid that is impossible. The holidays are drawing to an end. I have a lot of things waiting to be arranged. You have been very kind to spare me so much of your time—I've enjoyed it awfully. I hope . . . another time . . ."

Rose protested no further, but stood by in silence while Anthony and Miss Macquaire talked together for a few uncomfortable moments and finally bade each other good-bye; when, still in silence, she led the way from the room and walked with him down the garden path. At the gate they paused, and Anthony held out his hand, but the girl stood back, eyeing him critically.

"You *really* got a letter to-night?"

"I really did."

"About business which *really* called you away?"

"About business which *really* called me away."

A sigh smote on his ears; a cold, little hand came fluttering to meet his own.

"Then—good-bye! Good-bye, Anthony! Perhaps another day . . ."

"Perhaps another day," echoed Anthony, but in his heart he knew that that day would never dawn.

Another stage of his search was over. A sadder and a wiser man, he turned his face towards home.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# *The Romance of an English Submerged Forest*



*Photo. Joseph Goodman.*

By JOSEPH GOODMAN

HOW few of the teeming thousands of holiday-makers and joyous trippers hailing from the great industrial centres of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who in ordinary times visit the popular seaside resort of New Brighton, upon the Cheshire coast, are aware, when traversing its famous sea front and promenade, that a five-mile walk along the shore in a westerly direction would take them to a scene brimful of natural wonder and fascinating curiosity, the like of which no other industrial seaside haunt in Great Britain affords?

For there, nestling under the conjoint shelter of the sand dunes and the new sea-wall embankment—erected to protect that portion of the Wirral Peninsula coast from further encroachments of the ever-ravenous sea—lies exposed to view at low water the remarkable vista of an old sylvan bed of a submerged forest, rich in the natural history of a bygone age of our island home.

All the mighty ocean liners from America, Canada, India and the West Coast of Africa, as well as the smaller mercantile steamships from every quarter of the world, pass within distant view of this natural spectacle when

entering or emerging from the great maritime port of Liverpool.

During high tide the stranger might placidly sail over this scene, quite unconscious of the fact that below the keel of his craft there lay the trunks and roots of thousands of trees, remnants of an ancient English forest.

It will be noticed that most of their battered and time-worn stems, as depicted, are still reared heavenwards.

If a few hours later, at ebb tide, he returned to the same place on foot—after the water had receded into the depths of the ocean—he could walk over the moist, springy, sea peat bed, amidst the stumps of these one-time forest giants, and there contemplate the “stools” of those fossilised trees that once flourished as the “Monarch of the Woods,” where warbled gay feathered songsters, and bright-plumaged birds ornamented the forest foliage, as the frolicsome squirrel leaped from branch to bough in those remote days of “Merrie England”!

At various points the aspect shows the trunks and upper roots protruding through the bog and peat subsoil which now forms



## THE QUIVER



Near view showing the trunks, stools and roots of the trees as the tide has receded.

Photo :  
Joseph Goodman.

the surface of the main area of this tide-covered forest.

These stumps still remain in the position in which they formerly grew, as is indicated by the fact that the larger hemisphere of the "rings of growth" still points southward, just as in living species at the present time.

The vegetation belongs to that era of time which is classified by geologists as of the post-glacial date of the Quaternary period, although many of the relics found in these beds are really of primeval origin.

This submerged site has furnished the world with many valuable antiquities and prehistoric objects, some 8,000 of which are now housed in Chester, Liverpool and other contiguous museums, as valuable relics of the life of those far-distant times. Skeletons, horns, stone implements, and teeth of extinct as well as living species have been there unearched to tell their dumb tale of glacial and post-glacial times, and to corroborate the striae markings of the boulders and rocks of the great ice age, of which plentiful evidence of that period is still extant in this northern district.

On witnessing this remarkable sight for

the first time, the mind of the visitor naturally wonders what caused this unusual occurrence. Two theories have been advanced. The most generally accepted one amongst geologists is that this forest grew in the position where it now stands, but that the land has been gradually and continuously sinking, and the sea has, in consequence, for centuries been slowly encroaching upon and absorbing this part of the land. So persistent and threatening had it latterly become that the local authorities built a formidable sea-wall for upwards of twenty miles, protecting that particular portion of the coast line of the Wirral Peninsula—veritably an English dyke line similar to the Dutch ones in Holland.

This sea-wall is constructed landward of this natural forest relic of antiquity, so that whilst it affords protection to the country within it, the submarine forest continues to be slowly and gradually dismembered by the dispersing action of the tides.

This protective wall is an extremely practical adaptation of the Canutean command to the waves, "So far shalt thou go, and no further," realising a more successful ending than that obtained by the courtier-flattered monarch of mediæval times.

## THE ROMANCE OF AN ENGLISH SUBMERGED FOREST

Every indication leads to the conclusion that this locality was at one time a populous settlement right up from Caesar's time, and that the forest in its prime of life must have been of tremendous dimensions.

This is evidenced by the numerous relics and curios found there, and by the fact of its having been assailed for so many centuries by the destructive sea, yet still having sufficient substance left to strike the beholder with wonderment and awe.

One authority avers that this subterranean forest was at one time part of the historic Chat Moss of railway fame, and that due to landslip it was washed down to the Mersey, and finally anchored at Dove Point, between the fishing village of Hoylake and Moels, on the Cheshire coast of the Irish Sea.

Subsidence was probably in progress in Roman and Saxon days, and was still going on in the fourteenth century. Later, in the seventeenth century, a poet in "Iter Lancastrense" (1636) effuses thus :

"And in summer places when the Sun doth bate,  
Down from ye shoare, 'tis wonder to relate,  
How many of theise trees now stand,

Black broken on their rootes:—which once  
drie land  
Did cover, whence turfs—Neptune yields to  
shewe,  
He did not always to theise borders flowe."

A century and a half later (1796) a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* records a similar occurrence on the opposite shore of Lancashire, now long since lost in the dock walls of the Mersey port of Liverpool. From this we infer that at some remoter date both of these relic forest domains were joined as one.

Standing upon the new sea-wall, and looking out to sea a distance of two miles, there will be observed a sand-girt crown, known as Dove Spit: this site marks the ancient borderland limit of the land as it then existed.

Leasowe Castle, with its mediæval and quaint architecture—now a hostel sanatorium—stands on a portion of the shore at the foot of the protecting sea-wall built to stop the ravages and inroads of the waves.

This was once the centre of a racecourse; and tradition still points out the site of the ancient churchyard, where tombstones were



View looking west  
towards Hoylake.

Photo:  
Joseph Goodman.

## THE QUIVER

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At that time the "inland" was protected by huge sandhills, which kept off the tide; but now hills and grass are all gone, submerged entirely by the greedy sea and the erosive action of the tides.

Extensive changes are still taking place in the level of the whole area of the Wirral Hundred. The entire coast line is sinking at the rate of several feet per century.

The greater part of the plains of some 30,000 acres on the north-western side of

Birkenhead is already below the level of the highest spring tides, and would be submerged but for the embankment which has been erected to combat it; so that the "City of the Future," as Birkenhead is termed, may yet become another Venice, Amsterdam, or Holyhead, if the subsidence is maintained at the present rate!

It may thus appear paradoxical that, whilst our colonising capacity as a race, united with far-seeing statesmanship, and the maintenance of a powerful fleet upon the seas, safeguards our ever-increasing Empire territory far beyond the sea-girt shore of our island home, Father Neptune, with his ceaseless roll, is stealthily pilfering some part of the domains of our Motherland, as if to make the contrast more and more stupendous of this "tight little island," whose rulers wield the sceptre of the mightiest Empire known to history and the conception of man.



## THE HARDER PART

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Where courage, faith, self-sacrifice, are all we list of creeds;  
When "Let us serve" and "Let us do" is heard on every side,  
And many doors that barred our lives to-day are opened wide;  
How hard it is for mind and will in due submission meet  
To turn from these and meekly do the duties at our feet!

The clang and clash of battle call the menfolk to the fray;  
The women take their places in a new and wondrous way;  
The cry to leave the beaten track is answered with a will—  
The unknown fascinates; but see a courage finer still!  
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Dear, in the days of long ago, the Master spake a word  
Of tenderness and loving care for but a common bird.  
He named not the eagle strong, the liquid lark, nor thrush,  
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For answer, Charles Hilton smiled a little, and suddenly Frank McLean, newly home from India, recollected that someone else who happened to know Dr. Allan Gosford had smiled just in the same amused way. It gave him a passing sense of wonder. He had seen little of his old schoolmate, though present some years ago at his marriage with a friend of his own, a beautiful and sympathetic girl with some artistic tastes; but in his Indian position Frank McLean had often thought of his old school friend, and was proud to read Dr. Gosford's contribution to the *Monthly Review*, or to hear from private, but reliable, sources that it was only a matter of time before Dr. Allan Gosford, of Medford, should come to the front.

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As they shook hands and laughed, McLean, respectful of his friend's abilities as he always had been, wondered if he had ever really noticed before what a fine development of head his friend possessed, indicative of talents that were almost genius. As the tea hour passed his pleasure and surprise increased. He had always known that his friend was clever in many departments, but he had not realised how very versatile he was. Some recent geological discoveries in Africa, the year's Academy pictures, McDowell's music, all were known to him and discussed by him with originality and knowledge. At dinner, later, they touched

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## THE QUIVER

upon poetry, and Allan gave his opinion on Tagore. Presently Frank touched upon their own English Alfred Noyes; Gosford admired him, but demurred at too much praise of his originality. McLean turned to Ness for the final vote, but the doctor laughingly protested.

"No help there. Ness, like King George of old, doesn't care for 'boetry and bainting.'"

"Painting? Yes. Poetry? No," commented Mrs. Gosford.

"Why, Ness, this is a change," cried her old-time friend, and reminded her of a girl who had Shelley and Wordsworth and Browning by heart.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "All I can say is I've seen precious little of it. Putting is more than poetising to you now, eh?" he said, with just a faint touch of bitterness.

"Exactly," agreed Ness, and they indulged in golf talk till she left the men to themselves.

Now alone, the two men talked more freely. The old sense of intimacy strong once more, the doctor was led to speaking of some medical discoveries that he hoped to make, or rather, as he modestly put it, additions to discoveries already made. McLean listened, entranced.

He knew that he was in the presence of a man who, whether he blazed before the world or not, had a deep and commanding medical genius. And with it all such modesty! In fact, he did not seem to think of himself at all in respect to these ideas which he divulged.

"In truth, that's not my real self," he observed when McLean said something to this effect; "you don't know me yet, but now you will—the Real Me."

"How? In what way?"

Gosford rose and, blushing a little, went to the bookcase, taking from it, beside Dryden, Wordsworth, and Shelley, a small green book with a design of silver bells on the cover. He held it before McLean, who saw, to his amazement, beneath the title, "Lyrics of Love and Duty," the name "Allan Gosford, M.R.C.S."

"Didn't think the fusty doctor was also a poet?" said Gosford shyly. "Published it six months ago. Am hoping that another edition will be called for—not that I mind losing a little financially."

"No, of course not." His friend took the book, overcome with wonder. A genius in surgery, a connoisseur in art, above the average in intellect generally—was the man a poet also?

Gosford sat down again opposite his friend, looking at the book with almost motherly affection.

"You'll like them, I think. They've met with awful ridicule. Reviewers were down on me, but so they were on Keats and Wordsworth—not that I'm comparing myself to Wordsworth."

He went on talking, revealing his hope that he should be the singer of the new age, the singer of simple, strong lyrics which are not understood at the time, but which in later ages—

"Yes, read away; take a look here and there; take it with you. I should like to hear your opinion. Ness is bored by poetry; but, of course, she can't help that, dear girl."

Frank had opened the book half absently. He had caught sight of a few lines, and his mind was in a maze. He murmured "Good-night," and a few minutes later was in his own room. Soon he was feeling like one who had fallen from a sunlit mountain into a dark gully. The verses were frightful. There was simply no other word for them. He had even thought at first that the first was a parody, but he found that all were alike. Had he read the verses in manuscripts he would never have doubted that Allan was playing a joke. But men do not print verses and put their well-known, much-respected names to them from pure jocularly. It was in sober earnest that Allan Gosford, M.R.C.S., known to the medical world all over England, had put his name to the most childish and laughable effusions that the most amateurish poet had ever perpetrated! They were written in pseudo-simple style, the bathos which the author had evidently mistaken for pathos being evident.

Nor were these lines of bathos redeemed by any strong thought. There was no thought of any kind. It was the purest balderdash. Some of the couplets rang in his ears:

'Tis misfortune's cruel thumps  
Are the spirit's call to arms.

Another on "The Man with the Spade" had a special verse:

## LANCET OR LYRE

He fasts that we may sup;  
He weeps that we may smile;  
But the cold sweat moistens his bitter cup;  
And ours—and ours is the guile.

Poor Ness! No wonder she had said she couldn't stand poetry. It was her only chance!

It was almost incredible, not that a sensible man should have written such lines (for all have their aberrations), but that he should never have come to see what trash they were! Yet when he reflected, McLean realised that he had known such cases before—the imbecile spot that is in the strongest brain just as there is the blind spot in the keenest eye.

Now that he knew the truth, Ness spoke to him next morning in the frankest manner. "Oh! it is awful to see him—so wise in everything else—making a fool of himself in this way! I've got to pretend I care nothing for poetry—to keep him off those verses with me. They laugh behind his back. There are always people glad to take one down a peg! Unfortunately, two women—beasts"—Ness's language was strong at times—"pretended to admire the verses. So he's bringing out some more. They're worse." McLean expressed incredulity.

"Oh, he doesn't mind the critics," said Ness; "he thinks critics don't understand. You haven't seen him this morning yet?" Frank had come down late, to find his host called out to a patient. "When you see him, can't you say something, Frank?"

"If he asks me—really wants to know," said Frank dubiously. Yet an hour later he had done the deed.

He had strolled out to the Medford Club, of which he had been made temporarily a member. He had gone in, and, to his surprise, met Charles Hilton, who had come in with a member. Almost in an instant, as it seemed to McLean, they were talking of the poet-doctor. What possessed Frank, usually so gentle, to indulge in banter? Yes, the verses had been inflicted on him. He agreed that they should be given to the Germans to increase their powers of frightfulness. Then Hilton told stories of dull evenings in Medford relieved by quotations from "Lyrics of Love and Duty," the joke being heightened if it chanced that the innocent doctor's name was announced a little later. Something was said, too, of reviews so cruel that Mrs. Gosford had

managed to keep them from her husband. "Though it would do him good and exorcise the evil spirit out of him," said Charlie. "What spirit? The spirit of awful slush." He quoted a few choice bits: "The Sweat-covered Cup of the Artisan" and "The Spirit's Call to Arms."

McLean responded with "The Lost Lambs" and "Childie, kiss me quick to-night," and another on "The Children's Day," which was evidently meant to rival Longfellow's "Children's Hour." "They should really be handed over to the Germans," repeated Charles.

"Read them to the enemy and save poisonous gas," added McLean, grinning.

And as he left his friend and came round the bookcase he all but knocked against "Old Allan," looking very determinedly the same as he fingered a book which he did not see, and greeting the silently horrified McLean with even more friendliness than usual.

He was so cheerful, in fact, that McLean would have concluded that miraculous deafness had fallen on him at the critical moment if Ness had not come to him radiant before his departure.

"You've done it. He admits he's been a fool. Somehow, what you let out opened his eyes, though the reviews had said it before you. He feels it awfully, though, I know."

"I wish to Heaven he'd never heard me."

"I don't. But it's the fact that he's never done any good with his poetry that's hurting him. Everyone—his friends, his patients—just laughing!"

That this was the doctor's chief pain was evident when Gosford broke silence as they motored to the station.

"I've made an awful ass of myself. Oh, you needn't mind," as McLean tried to offer some vague defence of the verses. "I've waked up. . . . It is a waking up. . . . I used to see myself as the doctor who would do more with his verses than with his medicines. All sorts of pretty epigrammatic things were to be said about me. Yes, I *was* a flat, if you like. Well, I know better now. I'll keep to the lancet; the lyre is not for me."

And then Frank had his cue, and Dr. Gosford listened, with faint, revivifying pleasure, to his friend's encomiums on his surgical skill—no forced admiration there

## THE QUIVER

—that infallible power of his on which so many would rely—no fear of failure in that, but success quickly rising to perfect fame.

"My vocation—to help the circulation of the blood by purely physical means only," said the other whimsically, and then, with a hasty farewell, he saw his friend off at the station, he being due at a patient's farther along.

Frank McLean was at home once more, buried once again in journalistic work, his little visit already part of the past. Suddenly, as he sat in his room one evening a week later, the door burst open and Dr. Gosford, whom he had fancied fifty miles away, was before him. He shook hands and sat down. His manner was free from theatrical exaggeration; he was not even noticeably pale; but in every line of that intellectual, strong face McLean read tragedy.

He sprang up. "What is it, old chap? Are you ill?"

Gosford shook his head.

"No, Frank, I've done it—the one thing one *can't* do," he added disjointedly.

"Done what?" Vaguely his friend was thinking of the "Lyrics of Love and Duty," but the doctor's thoughts were very far from his poetic follies for the time.

"Even now I can't believe I've done it. But I know I have. I'll tell you."

Rousing himself, he explained in such terms as his friend could understand. It was not a particularly difficult operation. All had gone well for a time; then the mistake had been made: just a cut here when it should have been a cut there. That was how it would have seemed to a spectator. "It's a thing we warn all the students against when they see this class of operation first; it is only an amateur that could make the mistake and I made it."

Everything was in the last few words. Nothing of verbal sympathy seemed of avail.

"The patient—will he ——" began McLean at last.

The doctor raised his head, which had fallen forward a little as he leant against the table. "The patient? Yes, I have hopes. He may recover. The operation—thank God—is not dangerous; only the mistake will retard recovery, and that for

some patients is as bad as the operation itself. For some constitutions there's no such thing as a slow convalescence. Georgeson his name is, a better-class artisan; no very near relations; a melancholic, sombre character, from the little I saw of him."

There was a pause for a few minutes, the doctor's mind evidently with that man now struggling for his life.

"No; it makes no difference my being here," he added, answering the other's thought; "it's only a question of nursing now, and the nurse understands. Of course I shall do something for the man."

He mused a few minutes wretchedly, then started up again in a feverish excitement. "And to think I failed in my one great Gift—the only gift I have. I thought I had another, but I had only this. And I've failed in it, worse than the stupidest amateur—and sent a man to death, maybe. Well, there's no use saying more. I had to tell you. I must go back and wait the end. I wish the poor fellow weren't such a gloomy chap; it weakens his chance. . . . Yes, all right; I'll let you know how things go on, and—yes," as McLean entreated, "if it ends badly, I promise to come to you without fail." And with a few more words he was gone.

For the next day or two McLean, in the intervals of his work, waited anxiously for news from Medford. It came first in the form of a telegram: "Georgeson doing well. No immediate fear." Later came a letter not much fuller: "Georgeson was not so much depressed in mind as they had expected. The nurse gave good reports, and he seemed interested in his own condition when the doctor came." Scarcely had McLean digested this information when he received a wire: "Come this week-end. Curious revelation to make."

There was certainly nothing tragic in these words. Having a week-end free, McLean packed up and late on Friday night was once more at Medford.

Nessie met him, very smiling and happy; but nothing was said of the Georgeson case, even when the doctor came in, except that all was still going on well.

"Ness has been to see him. Oh, yes, Ness knows all about it, of course—she cheers him up."

"I think he's got a better consoler than I," she replied mischievously.



"That's what's pulled me up,  
more'n the knife or the medicine'" —p. 992.

Drawn by  
Frank Reynolds.



## THE QUIVER

The doctor blushed. "Now, now—" he began.

"Are you sure it isn't being too much for you?" she queried slyly.

"Oh! don't be afraid of that," he replied good-humouredly. "I'm cured."

"Frank doesn't understand our enigmatic talk, I'm afraid."

"And Frank needn't till to-morrow. It'll come upon you then like a thunder-clap, old man. You're to visit Georgeson with me to-morrow; but now no more talk. Are you for chess?"

But on the morning following the visitor's curiosity was aroused once more. Ness appeared strangely alert and happy, and there seemed to be some joke between her and her husband concerning Georgeson. Yet what could it be? He thought of it as he and Gosford went the rounds in the doctor's motor that afternoon. At length they stopped at the hospital, signs of Visiting Day being visible by gate and within hall. They walked up the long ward-room. There was no one with Georgeson yet; it was not likely that there would be, his only relative, a sister-in-law, being not too affectionate. The sick man looked up with a sudden smile at the sight of the doctor; his face, dull and heavy beneath an ill-moulded peasant brow, changed almost in an instant.

"I'm glad you've come, doctor. I was hoping for you. It's he that's done me good," he added to McLean when the doctor cheerily introduced him. "I'm glad to see you if you're his friend. Mebbe you admire him, too."

"I do, indeed," replied McLean warmly.

"I thought you would. An eddicated man like you would see more in him than I do—though that's saying a deal." He pulled something from beneath his pillow—a slim green book with a peal of silver bells

upon it. "That's what's pulled me up, more'n the knife or the medicine," he laughed faintly. "Do you know, it's been a dream of mine these last six months to meet the man that wrote those poems. They go fair to my heart, they do. That one about the two lost lambs, for instance, and how we're just lost lambs ourselves. There's a thought. And that about misfortune's cruel thumps are the spirit's call to arms. Many a time I've said that to myself till it blew away all the misery that comes over me. Often I'd wanted to talk to the doctor, but I didn't feel I could—a plain man, and him a poet. You understand?"

"Yes, I quite understand," assented McLean with gravity.

"You understand; and so I often says to myself, 'It ain't the doctor's operation as has saved me; it's his beautiful poems'—only my fun, you know," a little anxiously, fancying he had been too free. "I just mean they're like new life to me—I saying them over and over to myself when the pain comes on."

He paused, and the doctor spoke again, giving words of kindness and hope, referring to the flowers at his bedside, true emblems of a poetry that could never be doubted. Then both visitors departed, smiles that were not purely of mirth breaking through when the hospital gates were behind them.

"The true gift failed me, but the false one pulled me through. He's getting better of the wound my lancet gave him—better through my lyre," said the doctor as they re-entered the motor once more.

In the corner bed of the ward-room a mild-eyed, low-browed patient was thumbing a green book and murmuring:

"'Tis misfortune's cruel thumps  
Are the spirit's call to arms."



## CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY  
THE EDITOR



### "Lancet or Lyre"

THE story "Lancet or Lyre" is amusing enough, but beyond the immediate point of the tale there is the universal truth that, somehow or other, people are not satisfied with the "one thing I do," but long to achieve distinction in directions remote from their ordinary calling. Is it the sheer contrariness of human nature that the clever specialist would rather write poetry, or is it, after all, nature's provision for relaxing the mind? At any rate, the existence of "hobbies" is so general that that eminently respectable publication "Who's Who" officially recognises the tendency, and among the biographical details of famous (and not very famous!) men's careers, addresses, clubs, and so on, they specially enumerate the subject's "recreations." A glance through this ever-expanding volume will show how widely a man's interest will stray away from his life's work when he is in search of a hobby.

### Revolution—and Bookbinding

THERE, for instance, is a Russian prince, who has led the most exciting kind of life, with geographical exploration mixed up with revolutionary experiences, prisons and palaces being patronised in turn. Look for something exciting in his "hobbies"! But, no, his recreations are given as "bookbinding and carpentry."

Then there is an American Consul, who for twenty-five years has borne the weight of office and looked after his country's interests at some seaport office. What should his recreations be? Well, "Who's Who" tells us gravely that "his Rhymer's Dictionary is arranged on a novel plan." One dare prophesy that the American Consul is more proud of that Rhymer's Dictionary than of the twenty-five years in the service of his country! Let us hope he does not send his consulate reports along in rhyme, for even our good cousins across the water would scarcely tolerate that!



### War-Time Hobbies

ON what principle ought one to choose a hobby? Obviously just now it should be one's duty and pleasure, failing military service, to spend one's time in some work of national importance: and there can be no doubt that many men who had allowed themselves to get into a rut have altogether "found" themselves since the war. I was watching a V.T.C. drill the other day, and in the smart-looking drill sergeant, sharply calling his men to order, I recognised my friend and neighbour B—. Now B— is a commercial traveller by calling, and I have no doubt that he makes an efficient and successful seller of cottons or clothes, boots or blacking, or whatever else he travels in. But there can be no question

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that in "travelling" he has missed his vocation. Undoubtedly nature intended him for a military man, and now, for the first time in his forty-five years, he is where he ought to be! To see him proudly donning uniform, fiercely twirling his moustache, and lecturing his men, is to feel that some good has come out of the war after all: it has made B—a happy man!



### The Literary "Special"

THERE is another friend of mine, S—, who all his life has been engaged in literary work. Of stout build and burly frame, he looks the very antithesis of what we picture as a "literary man." Now, however, one meets him garbed in blue, with slow and solemn tread, and one realises in a flash that here is the ideal policeman. Can it be that in those far-off days his childish ambitions led him to thoughts of the constabulary? At any rate, as a "Special" he has come into his own, and what may be a loss to literature is a distinct gain to the Metropolitan Police!



### Hobbies for Mothers

THE war apart, one cannot but observe that there are a number of people who are still without some satisfactory hobby. After all, these people with a mission and a life-work who yet find time to become absorbed in some utterly foreign hobby are the happy ones amongst us. If there were more hobbies there would be less crime. Take the average mother, for instance. By way of recreation from the domestic duties of the day a woman chooses—crochet work! Not that I would condemn needlecraft, with all its fascinating mysteries, but one would have thought that the women of the home would sometimes branch out in a startling or original way in the choice of a hobby. I suppose the truth is that a man may go out after a hobby, but a woman has to find hers on the spot. It is no use talking to the mother of five children about the delights of big game hunting, or the educative advantages of foreign travel! If a book or a bit of fancy work will take off the mind of such a one from cooking and mending for a few spare moments it will have justified amply its claims. The problem too often is, What can you suggest as a hobby for a woman who wants to get out of the home, and yet is tied to it? After all, when you have thought out the problem, there is nothing like a good old-fashioned romance! What should we do without books?

### A Certain Weakness

IT is one thing to sit down calmly and think out what is the most desirable hobby for oneself or one's neighbour, but often enough the "hobby" or "recreation," or call it what you will, is a certain instinct or weakness, a fond inclination that asserts itself, without why or wherefore. I suppose nobody takes up stamp collecting because they are in need of relaxation; it is simply that the sight of strange postage stamps awakens a craving for possession, and once you start you must go on. The love of "antiques" is a weakness that besets the shrewdest of men, and I have known a hard-headed man of business, who could give points to a Scotsman or a Jew, fall a victim to the most childish trap when "antiques" were alleged! What a conglomeration of old iron, tin, and rubbish adorn the shelves of some who would pride themselves on their sense and business acumen! Still, if it gives them pleasure, and does not cost too much, I suppose it would be in bad taste to quarrel with the form of hobby they have chosen. Certainly now is a glorious time for the person with money to spend on antiques: they are the one commodity that has not increased in price!



### My Pet Weakness

THESE things, I have said, are an instinct or weakness. And I must confess that, for myself, I have an unreasoning and unreasonable love of time tables and large-scale maps. Many is the story I have found too dull to finish, but I can spend a rapturous hour among the pages of "Casell's Time Tables," or any section of the Ordnance Survey. I think the rules and regulations, notices to passengers, etc., at the end of those big official time tables of the various companies make fascinating reading, whilst the war-time notices make the interest still more thrilling. In these days of dear paper you can get better value for money out of a twopenny time table than by any other form of expenditure! It would be unkind to suggest that one would also get more fiction in this than in other forms of literature, but certain painful experiences in travelling confirm in my mind the suspicion that the speculative element is by no means lacking. History applauds George Stephenson for inventing the locomotive, but no one knows who invented the time table. He, after all, is another of the public benefactors the world has forgotten to commemorate.

*The Editor*

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# THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA

By

Lieut.-Commander TAPRELL DORLING

**T**HERE is without a doubt something fascinating in the great ocean; something intangible and indefinable perhaps, but none the less existent. Albeit there are people who are wont to declare that the romance of the sea died a natural death when the fleets of white-winged sailing ships were driven off the ocean by the triumphal advent of steam, it cannot be honestly said that the romance does not still exist. Is there any logical reason why it should not, for why should it have been in evidence in the days when Nelson took the *Victory* into action at Trafalgar if it is not with us now? Why, because seamen are better housed, better fed, and better cared for, should this romance have vanished from their calling?

## The Wide Ocean

No, whatever folk may say, the romance is still, and always will be, in evidence: but now, as it ever was, it is the romance of the sea itself which attracts us, not so much that

of the ships which sail upon it. Ashore the land is disfigured by buildings, railways, and a thousand and one other evidences of man's handiwork, but at sea none of these things can be, for the ocean is not subject to the human will. It is the greatest of God's works, and as such it remains in its natural condition. It cannot be cut about and built over any more than its ever-varying moods can be controlled, and from the day when this universe of ours was created it has always remained the same, while it will do so until the Day of Judgment.

## Mistress—Great and Fickle

Call your ship what you will, call her *Majestic*, *Invincible*, or any other high-sounding name, but she still has to obey the law of the sea, and when once she puts her bow outside the friendly harbour she has delivered herself to the mercy of the most fickle of mistresses—the great ocean. Storms and gales, powerful enough to compel the largest vessel in existence to lie to, are by

## THE QUIVER

no means of rare occurrence, though it is true that the increase in size of modern ships has made a sea voyage a less dangerous and hazardous undertaking than it was a century ago.

Out on the broad ocean, far away from land, and when the whole majestic sweep of

Watch a sunrise in the Tropics. The blue pall of night will slowly dissolve and one by one the stars vanish. Away in the eastern horizon a broad band of delicate rose pink gradually assumes colour, while the filmy, gossamer-like clouds are slowly becoming dyed with the beauty of the dawn. As we

look the colour scheme develops into a gorgeous galaxy in which patches of brilliant orange, scarlet, green, purple, mauve, and blue are mingled together in chaotic confusion. In confusion, I say, but with such delicacy and infinite gradation of tone, that we, even the most prosaic and unromantic of us, are forced to realise the wonderful beauty of the scene before our eyes.

### The Glory of Beauty

The sea itself, ruffled by the morning breeze, is of a limpid sapphire blue, save where in the eastern horizon it reflects in all its glory the colour of the sky. Gradually, as the sun rises, the colouring becomes intensified, and when at length the majestic orb reaches the line of demarcation betwixt sea and sky, and takes its final leap into space as a globe of molten scarlet, the climax has been reached. Broad bands of light shoot upwards like the rays of gigantic searchlights, the colours gather strength while the reflection of the sun comes to us across the water in a quivering pathway of ruby light. We watch the scene spellbound with its beauty, for we are regarding the work of the

great Creator Himself, and no mortal hands could ever achieve such a result.

As we watch, the colours fade, and ere long the great living ocean lies spread out before us in all the glory of daylight.

### A Gale at Sea

Take again a gale at sea. This time the picture has a sombre motif, for all gorgeous colouring is conspicuous by its absence. The great leaden tinted surges, each topped with its mass of yeasty foam, leap towards us in chaotic fury. Hustling, tumbling, they drive together in confusion till the spray is



Full  
Sail.

Photo :  
Alfred Leeder.

the horizon is unpunctuated by a feather of smoke or gleam of a sail, is when the fascination of the sea asserts itself, and this is where we commence to realise something of its stupendous majesty.

The weather may be perfect, and the clear blue of the heavens may be unmarred by the least vestige of cloud, while the sea itself, from horizon to horizon, is one vast sheet of glittering liquid light. There is something wonderful in the scene, for here we have absolute nature unspoilt by the work of human hands, and while realising this fact, we cannot fail to be impressed.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA

carried perpendicularly upwards, and is flung to leeward along the surface of the water in sheets of smoky scud which at times completely obscures the heaving turmoil below.

### The Storm Fiend

Up aloft through the rigging the storm fiend sings his mad dirge, while overhead the sky is of one dull uniform grey, across which the wind-swept masses of dark cloud and the ragged wisps of mares'-tails are being driven to leeward with lightning velocity. Banked up on the horizon to windward are the black rain-clouds, and every now and then a squall, flinging its way across the heaving waste of water, and with its progress clearly defined by the driving rain obscuring the horizon,

we and our little ship seem so ineffectual. We are pitting our puny strength against the handiwork of the great Creator, and again we are forced to realise something of the might and majesty of the sea.

As a contrast, consider the beauty of the tropic night far out at sea and away from the influence of land.

### A Tropic Night

It is flat calm, and the clear sky is of a deep velvety purple blue powdered with its glittering constellations, while low down in the heavens is the silvery moon, casting its soft light o'er sky and sea. Its reflection comes to us across the still water in a broad pathway of quivering, pulsating light, ineffable in its loveliness; but save in this direction the horizon is invisible. Sea and



Putting Out  
to Sea.

Photo: M. Jenkins,  
Lowestoft.

comes down to envelop us. Colour of any kind there is little, for the picture is a study in greys, but none the less there is something in the spectacle which holds our thoughts.

We see before us the great limitless ocean, lashed into fury by the gale; the elements are let loose, and against their terrific might

sky are identical in colour, and in the placid waters all the glories of the firmament above are reflected with the fidelity of a mirror.

### Alone with Nature

Both sea and sky are covered with the numberless pin points of light, and it seems



## THE QUIVER

as if we were suspended in mid air, 'twixt the world above and below. No sound disturbs the stillness of the night; no discordant conversation mars the solemnity of the scene, for the sound of a human voice would break the mystic spell. We are alone with Nature, nothing created by man destroys the calm freshness, and the infinite beauty of the gorgeous spectacle compels us again to feel something of the majesty of

clear blue and green translucence. The sun rays play through the infinite depths until they assume a wonderful prismatic and ever changing series of colours, and the spectacle is one which is beautiful beyond description, while no artist could do it full justice on canvas.

### A Wonderful Spectacle

The formal advance of the irresistible



The Lifeboat  
to the Rescue.

Drawn by  
E. Noble & R. Smith

the ocean, and, above all, of its infinite vastness.

### An Atlantic Swell

Watch a great Atlantic swell rolling in from the westward in heaving masses of water. See the everlastingly changing gradation in tone of its wonderful blues and greens as the sunlight plays upon it. There is a slight breeze coming in from seaward, and the summits and weather faces of the ridges are broken into minute corrugations by the fitful puffs. In the hollows the surface is undisturbed, and the oily calmness enables us to look down to a depth through the

smooth-bosomed hummocks is appalling in its grandeur, and once more something of the majesty of the ocean is borne in upon us.

No, it cannot be truthfully said that the romance of the sea is non-existent, even in this, the twentieth century. Throughout the long ages the ocean has always remained the same, and it is still the greatest masterpiece of the Omnipotent Creator who fashioned all heaven and earth. In winter or summer, in fierce storm or gentle zephyr, there is always something—a fascinating, indescribable something—which must invariably hold our thoughts.

## THE QUIVER

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# The HOME DEPARTMENT

## LATE SUMMER FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE late summer and early autumn are, to my mind, the most consistent seasons in this celebratedly uncertain climate. Spring may be, and very often is, disappointing on account of the east winds and nipping frosts which of late years have prevailed at the time when the early fruits are in process of forming. June and July are unsettled and rainy. August is usually fine, warm, and seasonable generally; but September and October have of recent years invariably brought a delicious mellow heat, grateful alike to mortals and the fruits and vegetables which are attaining perfection at this late summer season. It therefore happens that the earlier fruits having yielded unsatisfactory crops (unsatisfactory, at any rate, from a storing point of view on account of rain or high prices), the housewife must take fullest advantage of the late summer produce to fill the shelves of her store cupboard.

### The Winter Store Cupboard

The principal assets are plums of various kinds, green apples, blackberries, tomatoes, and vegetable marrows, from which a goodly stock of useful preserves can be made. The high price of sugar is a serious difficulty, and greatly increases the price of home-made jams; but it must be remembered that sugar is essential to the health of children, and in what more wholesome form can it be consumed than when mixed with fruit?

Apart from the price, there is also the difficulty of procuring the necessary sugar, and the best way to ensure having some pounds on hand ready for an emergency

—and jam has very often to be made at a moment's notice—is to buy, say, two or three extra pounds every week over and above the quantity required for immediate consumption. Preserving sugar is no longer procurable, but granulated makes an excellent substitute, and if one tradesman cannot spare so much, then buy a single pound from several different shops.

### Plum Preserves

Let us first consider the various kinds of plums, for plum jam is not only one of the cheapest and most wholesome, but quite one of the nicest for winter cooking in tarts and puddings. I may again remind my readers of the advisability of bottling plums without sugar, and refer them to the simple method explained in the May number of *THE QUIVER*. The smaller fruits are more convenient for bottling, as the large plums require such large bottles. The cheapest way to buy plums is to procure a basket of 24 lb. either direct from the grower, or a large fruit market, and to pick out about 6 or 8 lb. of the smaller and less ripe fruits for bottling purposes. The plums known as "egg," which can be bought for 1d. or 1½d. per lb., make delicious jam and tarts. If bottled without sugar one has enough fruit for a winter pie for 2½d. or 3d., which is far cheaper than apples, rhubarb, or the bottled fruit bought at the grocer's.

### Plum Jam

Last year I made some jam from plums that were quite round, rather hard, and distinctly blue in colour. They cost at the greengrocer's 12 lb. for 10d., and the pre-

## THE QUIVER

serve turned out to be excellent. I unfortunately forgot to inquire the name of the fruit, but I shall certainly look out for these plums and convert them into jam as soon as they are ripe. Many housewives find stoning plums a tiresome and unpleasant task—one, too, that, unless the fruit is very ripe, is apt to be wasteful. I do not remove the stones from the fruit, but divide the plums into halves with a silver knife. When the fruit has boiled for a little while and the pulp has softened, the stones separate and float on top of the boiling mass. They can then be easily taken out without any adherent pulp. The stones should be cracked, the kernels taken out, and stirred into the jam. All the stones should be removed before the sugar is added.

### Plum Jelly

If red plums are plentiful, a store of jelly should be made, for this closely resembles red currant jelly and can be made at a fraction of the cost. Take 12 lb. of sound, ripe red plums. Wash them carefully, for impurities on the skins will spoil the clearness and colour of the jelly. Put the fruit into a preserving-pan with 10 qts. of water, and let it boil till the liquor has been considerably reduced and the juice is rich and strongly flavoured. Strain through a jelly bag, allowing the juice to drip without squeezing the bag. Measure, and to each pint of juice allow 1 lb. sugar. Boil till the liquor jellies when tried on a cold plate.

From the pulp, freed from stones, plum cheese can be made.

### Plum Cheese

Weigh the pulp and put it into a preserving-pan, and boil till thick and dry. To every 3 lb. of pulp allow 1 lb. of sugar. Stir well and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Constant and thorough stirring are necessary, as the thick mixture is very apt to burn. The approximate time for boiling the pulp before the sugar is added is 1½ hours, and about ½ hour more when the sugar has been stirred in.

### Plum Marmalade

Plum marmalade is a useful preserve and much liked by those persons who object to fruit skins in jams.

Wash and divide the plums. Put them into the preserving-pan and simmer very

gently until quite pulpy, then take out the stones and pass the fruit through a coarse sieve. Measure, and to each pint of pulp add ¾ lb. sugar. Boil until the marmalade is very thick. This is particularly nice with all kinds of milk puddings, and it also makes delicious jam sauce. Put a large tablespoonful of the marmalade into a small saucepan, add 4 tablespoonfuls of boiling water and, if liked, a dash of lemon juice or a few drops of essence of almonds. Stir over the fire till thoroughly hot.

### Pickled Plums

Those of my readers who like the sweet-sour taste of mint sauce will find that plums prepared according to this recipe provide a delectable accompaniment to cold meat, and grilled chops and steaks. Put 3 lb. sugar and ½ pt. of white vinegar into a lined saucepan. Let the liquor boil until all the scum has been thrown up and carefully removed. Draw the pan to the side of the stove and put in 6 lb. of red plums. Simmer very gently for about thirty minutes, when the fruit should be tender enough to pierce with a knitting-needle, but not broken. Lift the fruit into wide-mouthed bottles, strain the liquor over, and tie down. If the flavour of ginger is liked, 2 oz. of whole white ginger should be crushed and steeped in the vinegar for several days before the pickle is made.

### Apple "Butter"

At this season of the year tart, juicy apples are obtainable, and a few pots of apple "butter" should be made. This is always much liked by children, and makes a cheap substitute for jam in open tarts, and a filling for sandwiches, Swiss roll and Victoria sponge cakes. It is an economical way of using windfalls, which, by the way, also make delicious apple jelly. Take 3 pecks of tart apples, remove the peel and cores, and cut into thick slices. Put 9 lb. of Demerara sugar and 2 gals. of water into a large pan and boil for 10 minutes. Add the sliced fruit and continue to cook till the pulp is thick. To test, put a spoonful on a plate. When no moisture runs from the pulp, it is sufficiently cooked. Stir in ½ lb. of butter, flavour with powdered cinnamon and nutmeg. Have some hot pots ready, fill with

## LATE SUMMER FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

the apple "butter," cover whilst hot, and store.

### Tomato Dumplings

Of late years tomatoes have become very plentiful in this country, and most persons have acquired a liking for this useful fruit. I wonder if any of my readers have tried tomato dumplings? They are really delicious, and can be served with meat or as a separate vegetable course. As the name suggests, short pastry, as for apple dumplings, is required. The tomatoes must be skinned and sprinkled with salt and pepper before they are encased in pastry and baked in the oven. If served as a savoury they should be accompanied by a thickened brown gravy, and if liked a little grated cheese can be added as a seasoning.

### Tomato Sauce

A very easy way of making a superior sauce to serve with boiled macaroni meat or fish is made as follows: Place three large, ripe tomatoes in a stone jar with a small sliced onion, 1 saltspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, 3 cloves, 1 teaspoonful of brown sugar, and a small piece of margarine. Put a dessertspoonful of flour into a cup and mix to a smooth batter with a teacupful of water and a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Pour into the jar, cover, and stand in the oven for 2 hours. Pass the pulp through a sieve. This sauce will remain good for several weeks if stored in a tightly corked bottle.

### Tomato Scallop

A tomato scallop is a cheap and appetising dish for a no-meat day. Grease a pie

dish with margarine, line with breadcrumbs seasoned with salt and pepper. If liked, the dish can be rubbed with garlic, or a little finely chopped onion can be sprinkled over the breadcrumbs. Fill the dish with alternate layers of sliced tomatoes, and breadcrumbs with seasonings. The final layer should be of crumbs dotted with little pieces of margarine. Bake in a hot oven until the top is golden brown.

### Tomato Fritters

Tomato fritters are another economical dish. They are made by dipping slices of fruit in batter and frying in hot fat. If the flavour of cheese blended with tomato is liked, this can be obtained by sprinkling cheese between two slices of fruit and dipping the "sandwich" in batter.

### Tomato Paste

Tomato paste is a vegetarian substitute for potted meat for the breakfast or supper table. Take 4 ripe tomatoes, 3 oz. of grated cheese, 1 very finely chopped onion (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic), 1 oz. of margarine, 4 oz. of fine breadcrumbs, and 1 egg. Pepper and salt to taste. Remove the peel from the fruit and cut into slices. Place in a small saucepan with the margarine and onion. When tender, reduce to a pulp with the back of a wooden spoon, and stir in the well-beaten egg. Hold over the fire till the mixture thickens. Put the saucepan on the table and work in the breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Add seasonings. Press the paste into a pot. If for immediate consumption it is not necessary to cover with fat. This makes a delicious and substantial filling for brown bread and butter sandwiches.





# BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



## The Mission of Sorrow

**I**f none were sick and none were sad,  
What service could we render?  
I think if we were always glad,  
We scarcely could be tender;

Did our beloved never need  
Our patient ministration,  
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,  
Its sweetest consolation;

If sorrow never claimed our heart,  
And every wish were granted,  
Patience would die and hope depart—  
Life would be disenchanting.



**I**f our right hand is not to know what our  
left does, it must not be because it would  
be ashamed if it did.—RUSKIN.



## The Fragrance of Content

**T**HE most fortunate being on earth,  
who has friends and wealth and quiet  
and a good digestion, can find plenty  
of sources of trouble if he hunts for them.  
In the words of the cynical French writer,  
"A man who has ten needs is not happy  
when nine of them are satisfied." That is  
perfectly true, and not even nine of them  
ever are satisfied. The secret is to learn to  
fix your thoughts on the satisfied ones, and  
not be for ever brooding on the reluctant  
shadow of that unattainable tenth.

There is, indeed, a fatuous optimism that  
disgusts. People who are always labori-  
ously turning up the little silver lining of

big black clouds are wearisome, especially  
when the black clouds are not theirs, but  
yours. Also, it may well be urged that dis-  
content is the root of all great accomplish-  
ment. Persons who easily find good in  
everything and who seem to be always living  
in sunshine are not too likely to bestir them-  
selves to better their own lot or that of  
others. Probably the ideal temperament  
would be that suggested by Charles Lamb,  
with his usual whimsical charm: "Con-  
tented with little, yet wishing for more."

The value of a quiet, contented spirit,  
however, reaches far beyond itself. We  
live in an age of struggle and restlessness.  
Perhaps that is true of all ages, but it seems  
especially true of our hurrying, eager,  
ambitious, unsettled age. The many-col-  
oured variety of life perpetually dangles  
before our eyes a thousand things that we  
think we must have and really do not want.  
In the midst of all this hurry, barely to touch  
a peaceful heart, the mere contact with  
which makes us stop and question the hurry,  
is like turning out of the clatter of cities into  
green fields.



## The Spirit of Building

**O**UR business is not to build quickly,  
but to build upon a right foundation  
and in a right spirit. Life is more than a  
mere competition as between man and man;  
it is not who can be done first, but who can  
work best; not who can rise highest, but  
who is working most patiently and lovingly  
in accordance with the designs of God.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.



## The League of Young British Citizens

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE QUIVER"  
COMPANIONSHIP

**Motto :**

"For God and the Empire : By Love Serving  
One Another"

**Object :**

The cultivation personally, and the extension in  
all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizen-  
ship, and of love and service for our Empire

The Corner,  
September, 1916

**M**Y DEAR COMPANIONS,—Among all the letters you have sent me since we made the change in our title, there have been but two which expressed anything in the way of disapproval. I think, therefore, I am justified in believing that the change is generally accepted as a wise and good one. The two members to whom I have referred are old and valued helpers, and I am sincerely hoping that, as months pass, the fears they had will prove to be unnecessary, and that they also will endorse the alteration as a real step forward. That it is a step forward I personally am fully convinced, and I believe there is a quiet and unostentatious, but forceful and vital work for us to do. The world-life of the future must be permeated by the spirit which is expressed in our object and motto if the evils of to-day are to be conquered. And that permeation can only be accomplished by individual units who have been captured by the highest ideals.

I would beg all my old Companions to assure themselves that fundamentally there is no alteration in our Companionship. "Friendship and service" was the basis of our first association. "Friendship and service" is its basis still. Only, the better to meet the exigencies of the new times, we have defined our objects rather more clearly. And while our practical united work is to be still for little ones less well off than ourselves,

those we set out to help are to be little ones who have a peculiar claim on our love and sympathy. We who have our fathers spared to us at the end of the war, will surely feel under a huge debt to boys and girls whose fathers have given even to the uttermost for the cause of Liberty.

I should like to say here, by the way, that I regard all of you who joined our Companionship as Companions still, and shall do so until you send in resignations! It is *not necessary* for you to fill up the new coupons, but *I am pleased when any of you do send them*. It strengthens the bond between us, do you not think?

### The Lord Mayor of London and the L.Y.B.C.

"I think it an awfully nice idea having Patrons," wrote one of our members the other day. "Were not those letters of Dr. Horton and Bishop Welldon fine?" It must, I feel sure, help us greatly in the enlarged foundation laying of *our* work as Companions, to have the sympathy and encouragement of men and women who already are working for the same great purpose, and who can give us, as it were, their blessing. You will all be delighted to hear that Sir C. C. Wakefield, the Lord Mayor of London, is to be added to these friends of ours. Sir Charles Wakefield will always be remembered for the fine Christian spirit in which he has played his part, during these difficult months, in that high and

## THE QUIVER



Getting Ready for the Sale.

honourable position in this great city. We are all proud to have him as one of our Patrons, and I am very glad to be able to pass on to you his message :

"The League of Young British Citizens has for its object the cultivation of the highest ideals of citizenship and patriotism throughout our vast Empire. It is in harmony with that spirit of comradeship which, in this greatest of all wars, has brought into the common fellowship of service and sacrifice the young manhood and womanhood of Great Britain and all her Dominions.

"To carry this same spirit into the common life of the nations and into all social service for the help, not only of our own peoples, but of the whole world, is the special future business of the Companions of the League.

"It is fitting that the young people of London should have a foremost place in this noble movement. Therefore I am happy to be a Patron of the League, and wish for it the success its aims justify.

"C. C. WAKEFIELD,

"Lord Mayor."

### From Various Companions—Old and New

WINIFRED JOHNSTON (Scotland) writes of the new movement :

I think it is a splendid scheme. This war is lifting us out of the rut we've been living in, and is making us better and nobler men and women. Before the war we wanted to enjoy ourselves, but now we are trying to make other people happy. At present our patriotism and ideals are high ; but when peace comes it will be difficult to keep them so, as we will be inclined to go back to our old ways. I think this Companionship will be a great help then.

ISOBEL HEWSON (Ireland) sends me an amusing letter from which I quote the following :

### Two Girl Motorists and a Mule

MY DEAR ALISON,—I must tell you about a glorious motor drive I had not long ago with some friends.

We started about 10 o'clock and went first to Kenmare. We had to go to the bridge to get across—it was part of the old suspension bridge across the river at Battersea, so is fairly ancient and has seen its best days. Then we went eighteen miles west to Lord Lansdowne's place; from there we went into Cork. Came back, and went up another road to a lake, which was lovely—a very steep mountain behind it, all wooded, and at the foot a bank of red rhododendrons all out; it looked perfectly beautiful. Then we got on to a frightfully bad road with two little rivers and no bridges, and we rocked and splashed through them. When we got on to the main road again there was a mule in a cart, sitting on its tail, and right across the road; it did look funny. An old lady was hopping about in the middle of the road, saying: "My beautiful harness will be broken." Another girl and I got out, and the mule's harness was in an awful muddle. We got it undone in the end and the mule on its legs. They are awfully obstinate animals, and I suppose it didn't want to go the way the old lady wanted to, so it sat down! We got

# WORTH WHILE?

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

"*Is it worth while?*"—so wrote a gentleman to me a few days ago. His idea was whether, in view of the anxiety, which is always over us, of maintaining (and the hope, very dear to us, of extending) the work here and its organizations, the results made it "worth while." He kindly came down to see the parish. In half an hour we walked round it, visiting the Church, Mission Hall, Schools, Mission House, and three homes of our people. On parting he said, "I have had a sermon this morning. I have seen lives changed and souls won." By

## Lives Changed

what did he mean? In contrast to many he saw as he passed along, whose faces and whole persons showed hopelessness and despair, he saw some lives were changed because their outlook had the brightness of hope. From a mere *social and moral* standpoint is it not "worth while" to aid a work which makes poor despairing and despised ones realise they really are needed; that they have a place to fill in the world; and, above all, that God wants their

## Souls Won

for the Saviour and Eternity's Home? Is not this a work that is "worth while" helping?

Lastly, may I add a word for our Fresh Air Fund. This, by sending poor mothers (worn out with a "mother's struggle" or weakened by illness) and children (weaklings through poor food and vitiated atmosphere of over-crowded homes, or needing change after illness) to the country for seven or fourteen days. Even from *one* day in the country we see

## Health Regained.

We have not a few waiting to go. As I write, a woman has just been to ask, "Can't my Jimmie go to the country? He's no more than skin and bones." We have many such "Jimmies"—who will help them to regain strength and health before the winter comes? Will *you*, kind reader?

Here are our needs:—

### DEBTS.

Church (Repairs) £667.  
Mission Hall (Building) £31.

### WORKING EXPENSES.

(£340 a Year Needed).  
£109 Needed NOW.

### FRESH AIR FUND.

For those sick or ailing  
among our 14,000 poor.

Here is the sight of a poor parish, too poor to support its work and organizations, its efforts hampered and often even silenced through lack of funds. It is a dark picture; will you, kind reader, pour a flood of sunshine over it by the gift of your help and prayers—given for our poor people, but in reality to *Christ Himself*—will you send it to-day? Do, I beg you, help His work here.

Your servant in Christ,

E. C. PITT-JOHNSON.

Donations, which will be gratefully acknowledged, may be sent to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., or direct to All Saints' Vicarage, 32 Thornhill Square, London, N.

## From Little David's Sketch Book.



Showing the big piece of Swiss Roll made with Bird's Spongie which David would like for himself every day—and also how much he would allow the Kaiser.

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83

## Handkerchiefs

are noticed. If yours are of cotton your friends may observe it. Why not buy real Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, as made by Robinson & Cleaver, on their own looms. They will stand long and hard wear even after continual washings, and are offered at makers' prices.

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## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

home about 4 o'clock after a truly delightful run. Well, I must stop, and with all good wishes to the L.Y.B.C.

This letter comes from a new Companion, JANE HARVEY (age 16; Worcestershire):

DEAR ALISON,—I am writing to know if you will please accept me as a member of your League of Young British Citizens. I filled up the coupon immediately I had read your first proposal of the new scheme, and intended sending it long ago; however, it is coming at last.

It is now a very long time since I started to read your pages in *THE QUIVER*, and I have meant to write to you ever since, but the League is so very much more beautiful under its new heading, the idea is perfect, that I had to write before I got too old to begin.

Just now I am rather busy at school, but if you will have me as a member I will try to do something to help in the holidays.

Hoping that the League will successfully accomplish its great work,—I am, yours truly, JANE HARVEY.

DEAR ALISON, says ISABEL YOUNG, I am just writing a short letter, with the coupon, to tell you how much I like the new idea of yours. It has such a definite purpose and sounds as though we were starting on something which fitted in more with "the times." Of course, we were doing a little share in helping the Empire before, by enabling four children of the nation to be educated and brought up well. As you have said, "The future is ours," and we want our generation to be an improvement on the last. We cannot do much individually, but the new League will unite all and make us feel that our effort (small though it may be) will be worth while making.

WINIFRED M. RIDLEY (England) wrote from boarding school:

I only have "Our Corner" sent to me, so I can't fill in the coupon; but, Alison, please, I do so want to help the new League, so please put my name down as a comrade.

JOSEPH CALLAHAN (age 13) and JACK MURRAY (age 10) are two keen new Companions in Middlesex. We welcome them and all other new friends with pleasure.

### Some London Companions' Splendid Work for Our Fund

On one of the sunniest afternoons of June I had the pleasure of meeting a number of London Companions whom I had not seen before. ELSIE HIBBERD and WINIFRED COLEMAN had told me that they were working every Monday evening since Christmas for a little sale of work, and when they gave me an invitation to go to it I was glad to say "Thank you; I will come." It was a particularly happy gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Hibberd, and their minister, the Rev. E. Ritchie, of St. James's, Wood Green, did everything that was possible to make all of us feel united and happy. And from Farnham we received just on the very morn-



Irene and Florence Fair.



## THE QUIVER

ing a nice new photograph of Philip. He was "the hero of the occasion," as the sale was specially for him. Elsie and Winnie had had splendid help from their sisters and one or two other friends. They themselves had worked most devotedly. The sale was exceedingly well managed, and they thoroughly earned the fine success which resulted: not only the £17 which was the financial gain, but the genuine enjoyment which every one of us felt. "Friendship and service" were indeed ideally illustrated in this afternoon of happiness and practical work. Here is Elsie's story of the sale:

To begin with, we have had such fun in preparing for the sale. Winifred and I, together with my one and her two sisters, have met every Monday evening since the first Monday in January. We all put £1 in the cash box, bit by bit, on the understanding that when the sale was over we should deduct our loan from the proceeds and receive it back. We purchased stuff and lace, etc., during the January sales, and through so doing we were able to get the things much cheaper, and so make a greater profit. Well, we worked at home as well as at the meetings, and consequently, when the sale-time came, we had a whole box of useful things, as, for instance, aprons, dusters, overalls, cushion-covers, and other things. In April we sent out circular letters to our friends, and in these we advertised a 6d. competition. We did not ask our friends to give us anything for the sale, as Mother says if folk give they cannot be expected to buy also, and by having the competition in which folk were asked to join by sending in an article which had not cost more than 6d. to make, and by offering prizes for the best things, as an encouragement, we received many things for our stall which we otherwise would not have had. At the end of May we sent out further circulars in order to remind our friends, as we wanted as many to come as was possible. Just a week previous to the 17th June we became most terribly anxious, for the weather had changed, and was cold and wet. However, we did not lose all heart, and when Alison wrote that our Companions IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR, in Galashiels, had been kind enough to send up three banners and some articles which were left from their sale a week previous, we cheered up and put double energy into our work. The Deacons' Court of our church kindly lent us cups and saucers, forms, planks, etc., from the church, and so the two previous nights to the sale we were trundling through the street with our greengrocer's barrow fetching the things to our house. Boys are scarce just now, so we had to pocket any pride we may have had and just wheel along the barrow ourselves. I really think, though, that we quite enjoyed it in the end. On Saturday morning before breakfast we went up to Covent Garden to get some flowers for the flower stall. I have never been so early there before, so it was quite novel. The garden we decked in the morning with flags, lanterns and the banners, and arranged the stalls, which we draped in mauve. We had a platform erected at one end of the lawn, and placed small tables and chairs over the remaining part of the grass.

At 3.15 o'clock the folk began to arrive, and besides Alison, whom you may be sure we were delighted at seeing, MARJORIE and KATHLEEN HEARD, WINNIE WOOD and HERIOT HUGHES came, so we were quite a happy band of Companions. Our minister, Rev. E. Ritchie, helped us all the morning in nailing up the

stall and hanging the flags and lanterns, and at 3.30, after opening the meeting with prayer, he introduced to the friends Alison, who explained the work of the Corner, and she just helped us all to see for ourselves better than by months of reading what we were doing and what the object of our work is. The secretary to the Editor was kind enough to come over too and brought a photograph of Philip, so our friends were able to see for themselves what he is like.

We had no trouble in selling our wares, and the people all seemed very satisfied with their purchases, and we with their money, so the happiness was mutual. We served teas at small tables on the lawn. At 6.30 we had a concert, previous to which Mr. Ritchie presented the prizes to the successful folk in the competition, and both Marjorie and Heriot won prizes. The concert which my sister arranged was fine. Our church organist assisted, and prepared two double quartettes. During the interval we sold coffee and lemonade, cakes, sandwiches, etc., and the refreshments which were left over we packed into bags and sold them at 6d. per bag, so we had nothing left over of the eatables. One or two small things were left over from the stall, so on Monday evening we had a Dutch auction, and that helped with the funds. Winifred's sister took some photographs. I am sure you all, with us, will be grateful to all the friends who helped us to gain such a large amount for our fund.

### Our Christmas Competition

I have been asked by a number of Companions to have another Knitting Competition this Christmas for the little ones of the Baby Clinic in which I am specially interested. I will tell you my plans for it next month. We must look at our money account now.

A happy month to everyone. How nice it would be if each Companion wrote me a letter about his or her holidays before school or work began again! Good-bye,—

Your affectionate

Companion,

*Alison.*

### The Violet Fund

The following is our account from April 1 to June 30, 1916:

Brought forward, £8 13s. 7½d.; Winifred Topliss, 1s. 6d.; Dorothy Jean Best and Friend, 15s. 6d.; Essie Daley (Australia), 2s. 6d.; Ida and End Jones, 5s.; Adah Pollard Unquhart, 10s. 6d.; Eirene Williams, 1s.; Dora Dewhurst, 1s.; Isabel Young, 2s. 6d.; Emily Pretsell, 2s.; Dorothy A. Chandler (New Zealand), 2s. 6d.; Constance Barry (South Africa), 2s. 6d.; Marian Hardy, 2s. 6d.; Agnes Milliner (Jamaica), 2s.; Kathleen and Dorothy Collyer (Canada), £1 17s.; Nellie Paton, 1s.; Kate and Ethel Edwards, 5s.; Edith Penn, 5s.; Alice Welsh (Australia), 2s. 6d.; Florence and Irene Fair (Sale), £10; Betty McCandlish, 1s.; Elsie Hibberd, Winnie Coleman and Friends (Sale)—for Philip, £17; Eileen and Muriel Nelson (Australia), 7s. 6d.; W. Stewart Royston, 1s. 6d.; Dorothy Armstrong, 2s. 6d.

Total .. .. .	£41 7 7½
Less Lena's Expenses—	
July, 1916, to June, 1917	£13 0 0
Less Philip's expenses—	
Dec., 1915, to Nov., 1916	21 0 0
	34 0 0
Balance .. .. .	£7 7 7½

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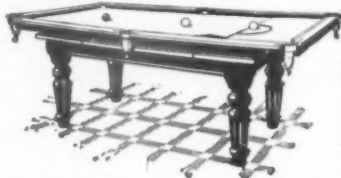
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Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables.

To rest securely on any dining-table. Solid mahogany, French-polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystal balls, and all accessories included.

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„ 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. ...	24 10 0
„ 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ...	32 0 0

Or in 15 monthly payments, plus 5 per cent. on whole cash price.

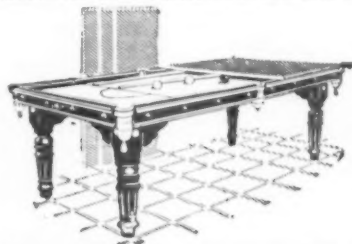
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*The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir,—May I ask you kindly to insert this appeal in your paper. At all times it is very difficult to raise money for my poor ladies during the summer months. When the weather is cold and dreary people remember them, but when all is bright and warm and sunny they are forgotten. This is not the way to bring sunshine into the hearts of the poor. They have to live summer and winter, and now that food is so expensive it is a problem how they are to do so. The money is coming in very slowly, and though as a rule I am optimistic, I must own to being at the present time temporarily anxious. I say temporarily, for I feel sure after this appeal has appeared (if the Editor will allow it to do so) thankfulness will take the place of depression. There are so many ladies depending upon me for monthly money, upwards of 150, and 50 more for orders for needlework. Next year the Society will attain its 30th year—30 years of wonderful progress from shillings to pounds (£10,000 last year)! A great deal of this money is not realisable, being invested. The distressing part of it is that we have to refuse assistance to very many cases almost every day, or perhaps give only £1 or £2. Why cannot we have more money so as to be in a position to assist some new and very distressing cases?

The Society has now a financial Committee and a Bank as its Trustee, and its accounts are always audited by a Chartered Accountant every three months. Full particulars and a report can be had from the Hon. Sec., Edith Smallwood, who begs you most urgently to give a donation and not to let a useful work of 30 years' standing lapse for want of funds.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH SMALLWOOD,  
Hon. Sec.

192 Lancaster Road,  
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### RECREATION HUTS,

at lonely naval bases; and a

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### FOR OUR GALLANT SEAMEN;

in addition to a very large number of HUTS, TENTS and CLUBS for the Troops in Home Camps and on all the fighting Fronts.

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